

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, SEPTEMBER, 1845.

SEPULCHRE OF THE SONS OF DAVID.  
(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THE dead are generally embalmed, burned, interred, or exposed. No nation brought the art of embalming so near perfection as Egypt, whose mummies, at the lapse of three thousand years, are found in an admirable state of preservation. The Romans and Greeks burned their dead, that the body, impure by the departure of the soul, might be purified, and that the soul, separated from gross matter, might ascend to the celestial mansions. Interment has been practiced from a very early period, and has been adopted by all Christian nations. The followers of Zoroaster expose their dead (upon a platform erected for the purpose, and inclosed with massy walls) to the wolves and vultures. This practice originated in the idea that the pure elements of earth and fire would be contaminated by being the instruments of dissolution. "The Tombs of the Kings," is a monument about half a mile north of Jerusalem, east of the Damascus road. Relative to its proper name and object there has been some discussion. The following description of it is from Dr. Olin's Travels:

"It is not, like the other tombs about Jerusalem, excavated in a perpendicular cliff. The ground is level, though formed of solid limestone, and the work was commenced by hewing out a quadrangular area, thirty paces in length and twenty-seven wide, by a depth of from fifteen to twenty feet. The sides are perpendicular and smooth, and the whole work is below the surface of the earth, so that one must approach quite to the brink of this deep cavity before he perceives it. Several fine olive and fig trees, I believe three, flourish in the mass of rubbish which has accumulated in the bottom of this excavation. Parallel with its southern side a trench is cut in the rock thirty-four paces long and ten wide, descending gradually from west to east, till it reaches a depth equal to that of the court. The separating wall is about six feet in thickness, and the connection is formed near the eastern end by a broad arched doorway, ornamented with a simple molding, now nearly obliterated, and

so choked with accumulations that I was compelled to stoop very low to enter.

"In the western end of this spacious court a portico is excavated, twelve paces in length from north to south, and five paces wide, by about sixteen feet high, a stratum of the rock being left, which serves as a roof to the portico, while the court is open to the heavens. The edge of this stratum, above the entrance, is exquisitely sculptured, and forms a beautiful architrave of fruits and flowers, running along its entire length and hanging gracefully down at either extremity. Above this rich and tasteful border, and over the centre of the entrance, are noble clusters of grapes in the midst of flowers, and other architectural decorations. This fine specimen of sculpture is a good deal mutilated, but considerable portions of it remain entire. The front of the portico was supported by two central columns, which have been broken away, and two others, at the ends, have shared the same fate.

"This spacious and splendid portico is only the vestibule to the tombs, which are entered from its southern end. The doorway is adorned with an architrave, but is so low and so obstructed with loose stones and earth that I was compelled, in entering, to lie flat upon the ground, and draw myself forward as well as I could with my hands. The stones seemed to have been placed there for the purpose of stopping the passage, which may be seven or eight feet in length. On rising upon my feet, I found myself in the midst of a noble hall, twenty feet square, hewn out of the rock. It was already illuminated by the wax candles, which Ibrahim, who entered before me, had lighted. The sides of this apartment are smooth and perpendicular, and the angles perfect. The ceiling is in the form of an irregular arch. This room is only a second stage in advancing to the tombs—a sort of central hall in the labyrinth of excavations. It contains no niches or sarcophagi, and was never used as a place of sepulture. There are two doors in its southern side, and one in its western, leading into as many smaller, square chambers, in the walls of which are the depositories for the dead."

Original.

### BIGELOW AS A PREACHER.

BY THE EDITOR.

We have spoken of Russel Bigelow as a man: in this article we describe him as a preacher. Correct taste, strong thought, and powerful emotion were his characteristics.

#### I. Correct taste. This was evidenced

1. In his language. It is the fault of young and partially educated speakers to be ever seeking showy words: as if to make up in sound what is wanting in sense. There is an opposite extreme. Many in their desire to be intelligible, become vulgar. The practice of Tillotson, who read his discourses prior to their delivery to an illiterate but sensible woman, is a good one. Bigelow's language appeared to have been sifted by a similar process. A large proportion of his words were Saxon, which, because they can be traced by most hearers directly to their roots, are more lively and effective than those from foreign sources. His acquaintance with men, rather than tongues, gave him advantage in selecting words; but had he been a ripe scholar, we have no reason to suppose that his expressions would have been less forcible. A knowledge of the original fountains of our language enables us readily to lay aside words of foreign derivation, at the same time giving taste to do so. While the ignorant is pedantic, the man best able to write with elegance generally chooses chaste and simple terms. In the pulpit, especially, good taste requires that the garment of our thoughts should be simple and transparent. Whilst chaste in his language Bigelow was free from that conversational style, and those common-place remarks which, though unsuitable to grave subjects, are often found in the pulpit of the day.

2. In the management of his figures. He avoided the apostrophe and other bold figures peculiarly adapted to poetry. His comparisons, whether for illustration, argument, or embellishment, were neither too obvious on the one hand, nor unnatural on the other. His metaphors were generally original, striking, radiant, free from confusion, reserved for the moment of emotion, and dropped while yet warm. Sometimes his figurative language would convey and point an argument, which, though concealed by the lustre of its vehicle, lost none of its force. He rarely introduced anecdotes in his discourses. It is not to be denied that Christian experience is a rich fountain of spiritual knowledge, and that the preacher may often draw thence for edification, instruction, and comfort. But the frequent use of anecdote, not only for illustration, but even for argument, to which there is so strong a tendency in our times, finds no countenance in the

dignified models of golden ages, and vitiates the oratory of our country. Moreover, by presenting temptations to embellish a story not sufficiently attractive, and to mend one not precisely suitable, it has pernicious tendencies upon morals. Bigelow's allusions were frequently historical or classical; (such, for instance, as the story of Damon and Pythias, to illustrate a passage of the apostle, "Greater love hath no man than that a man lay down his life for his friend;") but generally they were Scriptural. Scarce a point to be illustrated, for which history or the Bible does not afford the means of illustration—scarce an anecdote to be related, for which holy Scripture doth not proffer a substitute; and in this age, when the Bible is so well studied in Sabbath schools, allusions even to its less striking and familiar incidents can be understood by mere children.

3. The sources of his arguments. These were chiefly the human heart, well known facts, strong, sound, comprehensive common sense, and the Bible. He plunged not into the region of metaphysics, or barren philosophy, and never resorted to any proof but in subordination to the Scriptures. If he preached truth, or justice, or gratitude, it was not as a heathen; and though he might use the same means of conviction as Seneca, he made all his arguments lie in Christ Jesus. He was content to employ his reason in ascertaining what the Bible teaches, and explaining its lessons to others. Generally his departures from this great luminary were short, and only to blast some refuge of lies behind which the sinner was endeavoring to hide. Like Moses in Midian he lingered not in the desert, but led his flock to the mountain of God.

4. In his style. It was easy. His phrases, and the construction of his sentences were English; not the English of the crowd, nor the English of the king, but the king's English, as it is spoken in the dignified conversation of intelligent men—no inversions, or circumlocution, or involutions of clauses. His sentences, as to length, were not sufficiently varied; as to structure, though loose, yet clear. Advancing in his argument, his mind moves with a firmer, directer footstep. He seems to believe what he says, and to be determined to make others know that he is right. He uses arguments as if perfectly acquainted with their force. In his peroration he was usually vehement; not like a mighty river marching steadily to the ocean, but like Niagara dashing, foaming, rushing, filling the heavens with its echoes. But his vehemence was not rant—it was the outgushing of energy from a great mind, of ardent temperament, strongly excited by an important object—a vehemence which cannot be imitated, which presupposes a mind so intensely interested in its subject as to be incapable of surveying its own movements.

II. He was a man of strong thought. He held an iron will over his powers—taught imagination the length of her chain—made memory a watchful and submissive servant, and compelled reason to sit for hours in one spot, like the patient weaver at his loom, producing his beautiful fabric slowly by the movements of his shuttle. He who would have a soul thus trained must labor. The mind, like the infant, is, though active, yet restless—always busy, but never laborious—constantly at work, but never accomplishing any thing, not because its powers are feeble, but because its thoughts are fickle. Hence, in all civilized countries, systems of education are devised with a view to train mind to consecutive thinking. Whatever aids Bigelow had employed in mental training, he had the power to concatenate thought. Though mindful of books, industrious in study, observant of the progress of science, and deferential to authority, yet he used assistance at a proper time—not before, but after he had investigated his subject. His patient thought was evident

1. From the choice of his subjects. As he had a versatility of genius which enabled him to adapt himself to any occasion, and a purity of intention which never allowed him to put his inclinations in competition with convictions of duty, there was a fitness in his discourses, which constituted one of their chief charms, and made them shine “like apples of gold in pictures of silver.” Though he did not often preach discourses exclusively horatatory, yet he often charmed his audience with a historical or practical sermon; and his efforts of this description were always masterly. Some of them, had they been written out, might have ranked among the finest models of glowing description and impressive persuasion the English language affords. But it was not in description, or declamation, or exhortation, that he chiefly delighted. It was mere pastime to him to point out Zion’s spicy hills, or hurl the terrors of the law. He preferred the theme that could task his reason. Hence, doctrinal subjects were his favorite ones.

2. His mode of treating his themes. In entering on an argumentative discourse, he advanced slowly through a beautiful and appropriate introduction; but when he fully encountered the argument, he underwent a sudden transformation. As Æneas, in the temple of Juno, when he sees Ilioneus, bursts the cloud with which his goddess mother had enwrapt him, so he, when he met his argument, seemed “to shuffle off his mortal coil;” and now divine odors breathe from his lips, and the light of heaven flashes from his eye. Having shown the importance of his theme, and its bearings and consequences, he lays down his position in simple terms, shows his line of argument, and challenges the closest scrutiny. There is a rule of rhetoric

which directs the speaker, if his audience be fortified by invincible prejudice, to suppress his position until his argument be completed—to attack the enemy before he suspects your approach—to post all your arguments ere he is aware of your design; and, while he looks, unarmed, upon your movements, to close your lines around him and take him captive. We inquire not whether this rule is appropriate to the bar, the hall of legislation, or the arena for intellectual gladiatorialship; but we deny its applicability to the pulpit. The subjects, relations, and circumstances of the minister are too solemn and important to need or allow rhetorical guile; nor is it to be presumed that, upon a general scale, it will tend to secure the object of the pulpit. Prejudice is not much to be feared: it may prevent immediate conviction; but it cannot restrain the reason, nor silence the conscience; and it will fall off like the chrysalis from the fledged insect, if you convince the understanding. Were concealment allowable, Bigelow could not have resorted to it. The panther may spring from the bushes upon his prey—the lion needs no advantages. Had he been Agamemnon, Troy might not have been taken: he could not have employed the “wooden horse.”

In the commencement of his argument, he was accustomed to meet objections; and here his candor was as apparent in the fairness of his statements as was his ability in the completeness of his refutations. At this point the hearer began to perceive that nicety of discrimination, that felicity of illustration, that searching power of analysis, and that grasp of comprehension, which, at the height of his argument, were little less than amazing.

His penetration knew error despite its disguises; and, as a sagacious warrior knows where is the ambush, and when will be the *coup de main*, so he fixed his eye on the spot where the enemy lurked, and anticipated his movements. Many sagacious minds which can *find* error, are unable to *bring it out* to the gaze of others. But he was as expert in exposure as in detection. One false premise (inconsiderable in itself) often vitiates a whole volume of valid reasoning. Such a book may be compared to a long and strong chain, rolled up, having, however, one broken link. There are two ways of finding the fracture—the usual one is to examine each link until you come to it. Bigelow fixed a weight to one end, and walked off with the other, thus separating the fragments so far that his audience could stand between them. Sometimes, when not hurried, he would do as the king of the forest does when not hungry—play with his prey. It was interesting to see him amuse himself and his congregation with an ingenious sophism. He was wont to question it in the Socratic method, until he made it confess not only its falseness, but its

folly, and slink away, while a good-natured smile played upon the eager countenances of his hearers. Error, like Pharaoh, though convinced, is obstinate. Under the lash of resistless argument, it calls upon every species of delusion to throw discredit upon the means which have wrought conviction. Bigelow, aware of this, combated objection after objection, and heaped argument upon argument. Fancy the convinced infidel in his audience. The preacher turns his eye upon him, watches him, turns every stream from which his soul dips into blood, animates the dust he raises before his eyes into torturing insects, sends locusts before him to eat up every green thing, adds plague to plague. Presently the thunder peals, the lightning flashes. The infidel feels the darkness on his eyeballs, and is compelled to let the truth he holds a prisoner "have free course and be glorified." A pause ensues, and the congregation, on their feet, look with sympathy and prayer for a converted man.

Bigelow, like an accomplished orator, observed the processes going on in the minds of his hearers. If one argument did not succeed, he used another—if an illustration did not answer, he seized one that would. He seemed to be as familiar with the hearts of his hearers as the musician with the keys of his instrument, knowing when, and where, and how to touch, detecting the least discord, and even restraining his magic finger, (if, perchance, it grazed the wrong key,) before the false note was formed. This nice discernment in a mind concentrated on its theme, and engaged in the most complicated processes of which human intellect is capable, presupposes strong and patient exercise of the reason.

His mode of amplification was, generally, to commence with his weakest argument, and, proceeding to the better in the order of their strength, to close with the strongest—a mode which could not, perhaps, always be safely followed, since a weak argument may so prejudice the hearers against the speaker as to prevent the force of such as may follow. His plan was, however, adapted to his talents. He used no argument too weak to make an impression. Perhaps in the weight of his argument lay the greatest objection to his discourses. A man may be willing to give up his error, if you allow some reason in it, whereas he would cling to it to the last if surrender were to be shame. The injurious tendency of Bigelow's surplus power, was, however, corrected by the sweetness and solemnity of his manner. He indulged in no reproaches—made due allowance for the sinner—often, (like St. Paul,) by using the first person plural, coupled himself with the object of reproof—avoided personalities and harsh language; and after exposing folly and guilt, pointed not to himself, but to "the Shepherd and Bishop of souls." His strength was not the rude and fitful blast, which binds the traveler's

cloak tighter and tighter around him, but the steady, increasing, noiseless strength of the rising sun, which, while it illuminates, softens and subdues. His capacity for argument did not betray him into *fruitless discussion*. He used it not as a boy his penknife, but as a warrior his sword. He assailed no mushroom heresy—he warred with no frog-pond adversary. There is in the Church a capillary ambition, the stronger in proportion to the narrowness of its tube, which is constantly rising into notice on some spongy theology. You may urge it down by the slightest pressure; but the instant you remove your fingers, it swells up again from its watery foundation. He seemed to know that this was better dried by warmth than pressure. He was not insensible to error, however feebly advocated, nor unwilling to instruct the honest inquirer, however humble; but when a man sought distinction at the expense of *heresy*, and plunged into argument with a certainty of *disgrace*, he treated him as he would certain animals that have more obstinacy than reason, and are better managed with the palm of the hand than the knots of the lash.

In the mode of his argument he was not *formal*. There is a class of speakers called logical. The term is generally used to denote an arguer distinguished rather for the *forms* than the *essence* of argument. This use of it has arisen from two palpable mistakes—the one that the logical mode of reasoning differs from the common—the other that to reason logically a man must use formal syllogisms—mistakes as great as if we were to regard anatomy as a kind of animal, and suppose that to move the arm we must name its flexor or extensor muscles.

Bigelow was, doubtless, practiced in the principles of opposition, conversion, and reduction; but he confined the *forms* of logic to the study. His argumentation, though without forms, was *logical* in the proper sense of the word. There was a perceptible connection and a beautiful proportion between all its parts. It was not, however, a chain of cold iron links, susceptible of expression by a diagram. He passed through his argument like a botanist through his garden. Every thing around him seemed living and green; and though he showed you a regular connection, from the hyssop by the wall to the cedar of Lebanon, yet he was wont to pause at each step, to point out some nice discrimination, some connected history, some practical use, some collateral relation, or some felicitous illustration; and often, ere he passed, the object of his touch would suddenly burst into blossom. In the commencement of some of his severer efforts, the connection of parts was not perceptible. He often appeared like an architect in the midst of his materials, bearing off a beam now, and a rafter then, the purpose of which you could not at once discover;

but he moved among his lines and plummets with so much grace that he would inspire your confidence, while he excited your curiosity; and when he brought his work together, he made all the parts unite, with a dovetail fitness, into one harmonious whole.

He took a limited field for each discourse. Patient labor is wont to limit its bounds. The sluggish Indian ranges mountains and valleys, forests and streams, for his scanty fare, whilst he whose hand has brought agriculture to comparative perfection, derives ample sustenance from one blooming acre. Thus the mental sluggard sweeps half a universe for a discourse, while he who has learned to use the intellectual spade, educes a rich store-house from each narrow footstep. To make a discovery one must *fix* the microscope, or teach the telescope to follow *one* star around the heavens. The preacher who always takes a text which allows him "to preach up and down the Scriptures," is not the steward who from his treasury brings forth *new* things. Nor can he bring *sweet* things—honey comes from a pressed comb; nor rich things—gold is not gathered on horseback. Bigelow was particularly careful to limit his walk. If he attacked skepticism, he took such a subject as the folly of atheism, or the nakedness of deism, stripped of its borrowed garments: if he discoursed of the evidences of revelation, he was accustomed first to select some branch—if it were the external, he would take some subdivision—if that were prophecy, he would limit himself to one fulfilled prediction. But though his subject was bounded, his thoughts were free—an exceeding copiousness and richness of idea characterized his efforts; but not the copiousness of repetition. True, he often repeated, in figurative language, what he had expressed in literal; he sometimes expanded in a long sentence what he had announced in a sententious one; he often *detained* the audience upon an idea, until it was sufficiently *impressed*; but he marched onward, as soon as it was allowable, through a beautiful variety of conception. Indeed, such was the vigor of his mind that he found it difficult to restrain himself from digression; and in going through his subject, often acquired such a mental momentum, that, like a race-horse on the brink of a precipice, he plunged beyond it. Hence, he frequently protracted his discourses too long; but such were his strength and ardor, that he could entertain an audience in rapt attention for three successive hours.

He had a definite design. We sometimes hear a flowery address from a distinguished orator, who, just as he closes, informs the hearers of his subject, supposing that if he do not, they will never know. Such cases remind us of the artist who, having painted a horse and a house, thought it

necessary to write under one, "This is the house," and under the other, "This is the horse." A definite purpose is so important that no excellence can atone for its absence. It is a broad beauty, which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Homer could not have made the Iliad without a definite purpose. The lesson that discord is weakness, and union is strength, is constantly before him, and gives unity to all his splendid creations, which, without some plastic thought, would lie like scattered ruins along the "city of the dead." Shakespeare has a thousand faults; but by a majestic oneness of purpose, he so hurries the reader through every scene, that he does not allow him to stop at the rubbish which sometimes encumbers his path. The pulpit is often accused of indefiniteness of purpose. If the lawyer, or the politician, or the legislator wander from his subject, it is at the peril of defeat. Not so the preacher: he is even under strong temptations to stroll in a wilderness of generalities. Who has not often heard discourses for which it would be difficult to find either a name or a psalm? Yet they may have been limited in regard to subject. You can often map the region of a man's wanderings when you cannot mark his destination. Bigelow did not always keep a direct line. A river may have many windings, and yet be constantly rolling to the ocean. Nor did he travel an unornamented way. The orator, like Hippomenes, may scatter golden apples in his path, when they give him advantage in the race, though not like Atalanta, pick up ornaments when he should be pressing to the goal. It is difficult for an orator of fine fancy to avoid regarding his best imagery as *objects* instead of *instruments*. When, like Iris, in his upward flight, he cuts a bow in the cloud, he is tempted to show its prismatic beauties to the multitude below, instead of rushing, god-like, up the heavens. Bigelow kept his purpose steadily in view, and used no argument or embellishment for its mere power or beauty, but chose every thing as he advanced with a distinct reference to its bearing upon the leading point. If he took you through a field of daisies and buttercups, or a grove of oranges or palm trees, it was because they happened to be in his way. Nor did he lead you through a beauteous region, as a father would his children, to gaze upon the flowers, but as a general does his troops, to trample them under foot. If he leads his audience to some Alpine height, where,

"Far along,  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,  
Leaps the live thunder—  
And Jura answers through her misty shroud  
Back to the joyous Alps,"

he does not, like Byron, leap, with a wild eye, and a wilder heart, through the august scenery, but, like

Napoleon surmounting the peak, and pointing to a sunny land before him, he sends down through the fiery clouds a still small voice, more sublime than the thunder itself.

3. His habits of thought were evinced by his variety. To this the itinerant system is not favorable. By affording an opportunity to repreach the same sermon frequently, it supplies a strong temptation either to indolence or a concentration of attention on favorite topics. The want of variety is not, however, confined to the pulpit of the itinerancy. Logic, in teaching that three propositions may be put together in more than threescore ways, gives a hint that heads of sermons, also, may be variously combined, and that a few discourses, ingeniously managed by the rules of permutation, may last a lifetime. Bigelow's fame drew auditors from congregation to congregation; so that, while preaching in strange pulpits, he often saw familiar faces. He was less in want of sermons than of opportunities to preach them. He rarely met with a colleague that could keep pace with him. Where custom required but thirty-two sermons, I have known him to preach one hundred. His discourses were various as well as numerous. They were uniformly good. Regarding every occasion of preaching to dying men as unspeakably important, he proclaimed the truth at all times with all his might. "Bigelow never preached a poor sermon," was the testimony of a competent witness. A lawyer of the Episcopal Church, living in a city where Bigelow was stationed, after disease had made inroads upon him, said, "I never heard him without becoming both a wiser and a better man."

4. His patient thought was evident, also, from his originality. He was original, not in the sense of creating, which belongs to God, nor in the sense of discovering, which belongs to philosophy, but in illustrating, combining, and arguing. He had, too, a mode of so throwing new light on old truth as to make it sparkle. He could ascend from truth to truth, until he reached lofty summits and enjoyed extended views. The ease with which he moved through the most difficult argument, the readiness with which he turned every accident to good account, the power with which, like an arrested stream, he heaped up argument, until he broke down resistance, convinced every hearer that he relied upon his own resources. Many intelligent clergymen say that, on the evidences and doctrines of Christianity, they have never read or heard arguments similar or superior to his. But is this the highest originality to which the ministry dare aspire? True, the desire to know as angels, to see more of God, to vindicate his ways to man, is ever pushing daring reason toward sacred heights. But the untrodden mount of God, like Sinai, has a trembling base and a smoking summit; and whoever

passes its borders, is thrust through with a dart. Bigelow knew his limits; and

"Though his adventurous spirit loved to urge  
The laboring theme to reason's utmost verge,  
Kindling and mounting, from the enraptured sight,  
Till anxious wonder watched the daring flight;"

yet he never soared so high as to give devils a triumph by his fall. The restraint of conjecture, which characterized his public discourses, marked, also, his private intercourse: he was cautious, even with confidential and judicious friends, how he supplied by conjecture, and sustained by probability, what God has seen fit to withhold, or how he gathered the truths which Heaven has scattered—to combine in theory what the Bible presents without system. This will appear matter, at once, of surprise and praise, when we consider the natural tendency of a luminous understanding, when taken into the fields of religion, to throw its beams upon those clouds with which the Almighty hath environed the horizon of truth. There were occasions, however, when he ventured beyond the bounds which reason generally regards as her utmost limits. An intelligent clergyman once went to him oppressed with the moral problem of the heathen world. No sooner had he mentioned the subject than Bigelow began to bear him up to a region of light where all his doubts and perplexities vanished. He retired perfectly satisfied; but has never been able to recall the arguments which quieted him. Inquiring minds, of gloomy tendencies, are sometimes to be relieved in this manner, but let not ordinary intellect attempt the task, lest it give a serpent for a fish.

III. Bigelow was a man of acute sensibilities. He *felt*. Hence the zeal, the vehemence, the rapidity, the overmastering energy that characterized his preaching. A susceptible heart is indispensable in oratory. No pains can make some men orators—no neglect, or misfortune, can prevent others from becoming such. Flinty intellect may convince, but it cannot move—fine fancy may please, but it cannot rouse—as well refute arguments with muscles as inflame passions with mere brain. Heart responds only to heart. Feeling cannot be successfully counterfeited. The child can trace the workings of the breast, and distinguish the feigned love or anger from the true. To Demosthenes all ages accord the palm of eloquence. What was the secret of his success? Not his person, his gesticulation, his voice, or his enunciation—in none of these particulars did he excel. Not his learning—in this hundreds of his fellow-citizens surpassed him. Not the splendor of his style—in this he was to Plato as a star to the sun. Not his power of reasoning—in penetration and analysis he was a child to Socrates. It was his deep feeling. The flames, spread all around him, were kindled by his *fiery heart*.

The encroachments of Philip roused his anger, his disdain, his indignation. These kindled his eye, unloosed his tongue, and shaped the dignified and overpowering periods which moved the Athenian multitude to madness and to arms. But how shall we understand him when he says that the first, the second, the third requisite in oratory is "delivery?" He means *earnestness*—such an eye, countenance, attitude, manner, as shows that the speaker understands, believes, *feels* what he says. But whence Bigelow's intense and sustained feeling? He was imbued with the principle which built the ark, raised the calm head of Job above the billows, made Abraham the pattern for all ages, opened a dry path through the sea, and fountains in the wilderness, scattered alien armies before David's sword, anointed Isaiah's lips with holy fire, and charioted in flame the ascending prophet—that principle which, though perverted, inspired the Grecian chisel and the Roman easel, strewed flowers over the pages of Homer and of Virgil, and still speaks from the opening tombs and moldering columns of the east. His soul was borne to sublime heights on "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Mindful of the "better country," he cheerfully gave to the Church a golden head, which, devoted to the state, would have ranked him with Patrick Henry. "Esteeming the reproaches of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt," though welcome to the gorgeous pulpit, he chose one everywhere spoken against. He might have received plaudits in the mansions of the east, but he dedicated himself to the cabins of the west, and with a glad heart blazed his way through the pathless forest, to seek the hut of the settler, or the wigwam of the savage. Vain philosophy never spoiled him. To his eye the earth was no mystery—the heavens no problem. His faith peopled the one with undying spirits, the other with the hosts of God. He took every step of his journey to heaven in the midst of ascending and descending angels. In temptation, he endured "as seeing him who is invisible." When he spoke he committed his tongue to the Almighty; and when his exhausted body, ready to sink into the earth as he reached the last words, armed with sudden and unearthly ardor, it was because he heard "his Master's footsteps behind him."

Such was Russel Bigelow. As a preacher he had his faults. His discourses were often too long and elaborate, his arguments not always in a direct line of sequence, his peroration sometimes discursive; but, take him all in all, the writer believes that he has yet to hear his equal.



He that getteth wisdom loveth his own soul: he that keepeth understanding shall find good.

#### Original.

### A REMINISCENCE.

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BY REV. J. MONTGOMERY.  
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No recollections are as lively as those connected with our first religious associations. How oft we think of the place where, and the people with whom we first took sweet counsel! I shall never forget the society with which I was first connected.

Early in the spring of 182—, I united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. The following Sabbath I determined to meet and worship with the "people of God," in their class meeting. After a solitary walk over a lonely path, for more than a mile, I entered the beautiful beech grove, six miles below Wheeling, in the midst of which stood our house of prayer and praise. A large log, which lay some distance from the house, parallel with its front, formed the usual resting place for those who arrived before the hour of meeting. Some were there already, and others soon came. We sat on the log. My heart was heavy—my tongue silent. At length the hour came, and we entered the house. Trembling, I walked from the door to my seat, remembering that I was about to acknowledge my Savior. An unusual awe and solemnity seemed to pervade the place. Truly, "it was God's house;" his Spirit was there. We kept silence before the Lord; and, but for the gentle winds and the chirping songsters, had been reminded of the silent grave.

The reading of a hymn by the leader broke the stillness within, and we all arose to rival the feathered tribe, whose voices were still swelling around us. Having sung, brother B. addressed the "throne of grace," after which commenced an exercise perfectly new to me. After several had spoken, I was inquired of. I spoke of my convictions of duty, the difficulties in my way, and of my determination to "set out for glory." Many sighs and prayers were then offered in my behalf. This encouraged me exceedingly; for I had no relative to teach me or pray for me. The reader will imagine my feelings, when he is informed that my "foes" were they of my "own household." With the experience of the brethren and sisters I was delighted, strengthened, and edified. A similar case to my own arrested my attention, and impressed my mind. It was the case of Margaret —, the youngest sister in the class. Although her heart seemed to overflow with peace and "joy in the Holy Ghost," she was a subject of many trials, and was much persecuted by her parents.

Sabbath after Sabbath we assembled in the lovely beech grove. Margaret — was there with her mingled cup of joy and sorrow, exciting a religious feeling in her behalf, winning many dear friends, and encouraging those in a similar condition. She

often told us that she intended, through grace, to "stand fast," brook opposition, and endure to the end. Her piety and perseverance are worthy to be recorded—her example followed.

Margaret — was the eldest of a large family. Her parents were professed Christians, but enemies to Methodism. In this family lived Mary —, a devoted member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a faithful and most excellent teacher in our Sabbath school, held in the grove. Mary — was pious, intelligent, and prayerful—had won the confidence of all who knew her, but especially of her class. Margaret — was one of the number; and the wholesome instructions and pious example of Mary — won her heart and her life in favor of the doctrines and institutions of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

But Mary — was like the short-lived flower. Scarcely did her character shine to cheer and enlighten, before she was nipped by the blasts of disease. Her end drew nigh. Of this she was sensible. But on whom could she bestow her dying blessing? Who should wear her mantle? There was none like Margaret —, who watched over her wasting energies and emaciated frame, ready to supply her every want.

The summer had passed, autumnal breezes had disrobed the forest of its beauty, and the darkened heavens and piercing winds announced the approach of dreary winter. It was evident that Mary — would soon be no more. At length she reached the hour of her departure. Clad in the "whole armor of God," she met the "king of terrors." She fought, and fell, but conquered; and triumphantly passed where are

"No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath."

The school was summoned to her funeral. We drew around her grave and wept—she was gone—a sister, a teacher beloved, was in the tomb before us. But Margaret — seemed as if her "head were waters, and her eyes fountains of tears;" for she wept day and night for her teacher and much loved Mary.

The triumphant death of Mary —, gave new life and vigor to Margaret —. She grew stronger and stronger in faith and love. Her heart was "fixed." Her opposition increased, and it was evident that her parents intended to tear her away from the Church of her choice. They refused her the privilege of attending her class, than which nothing gave her more pleasure. But every opportunity was embraced. After her parents left home Sabbath morning for their place of worship, a distance of six or seven miles, Margaret might be seen tripping down a long hill, about a mile, to the grove, where, after having worshiped with us, and visited the grave of Mary —, and wept over it, she returned home before the arrival of her parents. Finding that their eldest daughter was not only determined

to be a Methodist herself, but was exerting an influence over her brothers and sisters, who were inclined to follow her, they determined to leave the place. Having made suitable arrangements, they left Virginia and settled in the western part of Ohio. Here Margaret found it necessary to walk seven or eight miles to enjoy Christian fellowship. Her parents positively denied her the privilege. She immediately informed her old class-mates in Virginia that she desired to return and live and die with them. We sent her the means to return; but God ordered it otherwise. Margaret commenced a prayer meeting in a neighboring *cave*, with a few of her young associates. God met with them—souls were converted. It was evident that the Lord was working among the young people, through Margaret's instrumentality. She was encouraged, while her heart uttered,

"Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

The Lord works in various ways. While his grace was moving the hearts of some, the rod of correction was laid upon others. Sickness entered her father's house. Three of her younger brothers died. Her parents humbly acknowledged the chastisement. Margaret's way was opened again, and with her sister N. she could rejoice in the Lord.



#### Original.

#### FLOWERS.

Yes, trail the vine, and bring the flower,  
'Twill give soft grace to the home bower;  
And fondly watch the opening bloom,  
And feast thee with the rich perfume:  
The love of flowers is of the heart  
That in all gentle thoughts has part.

But as thou mark'st, with smiling eye,  
Th' unfolding leaf of glorious dye,  
While round thy feet the gorgeous rose  
Its flush and odor softly throws,  
Still read, in every opening fold,  
His touch whose hand the heavens unrolled.

D.



#### Original.

#### EVANESCENT THOUGHTS.

O DREAMS! that the beautiful wakes in my soul,  
Why may I not bind ye with earthly control?  
Ye are fading e'en now, ye are melting away!  
Ye mock my vain grasp, like the lightning's bright  
play.

Again ye come back! still to melt on my sight—  
Quick flashes like sparkles of waves in the light:  
O when shall my soul on the beautiful gaze,  
And detain the swift gleams of high thought through  
its rays!

H.

Original.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

BY REV. E. M'CLURE.

"Pleasant the sun  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glist'ning with dew."

*Mark.* Good morning, gentlemen. Have you traveled by the magnetic telegraph, that you are here so early?

*Doctor.* I believe it is the hour appointed, is it not?

*Mark.* Half an hour before the time, which was to be five o'clock. But you are not a moment too early; for I myself rose at three, and have ever since been anxiously waiting your arrival.

*Harry.* Indeed! Surely something very remarkable is about to happen.

*Mark.* My friend Harry is in a pleasant humor, and is disposed to be a little mischievous withal. But though I do confess that I am not in the habit of rising quite so early, yet, after the most strict examination, I have not been able to discover a single error of dress—the knot of my neckerchief is directly in front, and both stockings right side out. I suppose, Doctor, since you have appointed this second interview, we may consider it as presumptive evidence that you are in favor of continuing our Imaginary Conversations.

*Doc.* Yes; they will be amusing and profitable to ourselves, if to none else. And I do not see why they may not be conducted so as to please and interest others also. Whether, indeed, it be best to report all that is said by such a trio of literary gossips, may be a matter for future consideration. Not to repeat all that I have heard in the way of criticism, allow me merely to state one objection. Many of the readers of the Repository think that some portions of Conversation No. 1 are rather *too light*.

*Harry.* A very easy matter to make them heavy enough.

*Mark.* For my own part I can charge to the very muzzle with *lead*, (if that article is in demand,) though not with any design to kill, I assure you, unless to kill time.

*Harry.* And there you miss fire altogether; for if you are too dull you are not read, and your articles consume no more time than powder.

*Doc.* Avoid both Scylla and Charybdis, my dear *Mark*. The true medium is always to be preferred.

*Harry.* As I heard an Arminian once say, while seated at a dinner table between a Universalist on one side and a high-toned Calvinist on the other, "Truth is always found between two extremes."

*Doc.* Precisely so. "Religion never was designed

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to make our pleasures less;" and when properly understood, is as much opposed to sadness as to levity.

*Mark.* Coming round to the right point, Doctor. With all due deference to the critics, our Conversations, as I think, to be interesting, should be lively, piquant, free, mingling wit and wisdom, philosophy and fancy, poetry and prose together; and thus giving scope to great variety of sentiment and style.

*Harry.* Ranging from subject to subject as that bee there, from flower to flower. I have been watching him for sometime, tasting the honey-cups, and sipping the dew, until, from the marigold to the yellow rose, and from that to the woodbine, he has found his way to the trellis work in front of your window.

*Mark.* Give me leave, Harry, to introduce him to you as a "minute philosopher," and a particular friend of mine. He is a fellow of great sagacity and penetration, and, I dare aver, of some point. That bee and myself, though not on speaking terms, are, nevertheless, very well acquainted. He pays me a visit almost every day, comes into my study, looks at the title-page of a book, and often settles on the "Language of Flowers," as if he had some idea of learning it.

*Harry.* And why not, since he seems to be so fond of their society? There, the fellow is almost on your neck. (*Harry knocks him off, and is stung for his pains.*) Out upon your "yellow breeched philosopher!" (*chasing him out of the window.*) He is altogether too sensitive—too sharp—quite so. I want none of his acquaintance.

*Mark.* All in self-defense, Harry. No doubt you will do better next time—in letting him alone. I wonder what the Doctor is musing about. Is his mind in communion with the rose? or does he admire the delicate whiteness of that lily, which I have often heard him say was his favorite flower?

*Harry.* In either case we ought to call him back, unless he is in pursuit of that gentleman with the proboscis.

*Mark.* (*Calls.*) Doctor!

*Doc.* Sir. O! I beg pardon, gentlemen. My senses were reveling amid the odors of the morning air. It has such a primeval freshness about it.

*Mark.*

"Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
With song of earliest birds."

So sang the English Homer; and methinks he might have written that line even though light had never visited his sightless eyeballs. What though Aurora might not look through the windows of his soul, nor reflect therein her mild, starry eyes, and cheeks of crimson, could she not make her presence *felt* through the medium of the other senses? Her "sweet breath," full of the aroma from a thousand sweet-scented shrubs, and from twice ten thousand

beautiful flowers, would mingle its fragrance with his feelings, and, as it swept over his lyre, produce corresponding echoes of grand, unearthly music.

*Doc.* And the stroke which closed his eyelids upon the external world, must have given to him a clearer, holier vision of the unseen and eternal. Where others, blest with sight, saw nothing but vacancy, he, in his blindness, looked upon a creation teeming with life—beauty—order. His soul's midnight, like that of the material, was lit up with the candles of God, which threw their radiance far into the invisible, and revealed its wonders, all luminous with celestial light.

*Mark.* Yes, blindness, to most a terrible calamity—to all a severe affliction—must, in his case, have been attended with more than its usual compensation. It “closed his eyes, to show him God.” It loosened one of the strong cords which bound him to earth, that his spirit might soar so much nearer heaven.

*Doc.* Venerable bard! Rightly is he called the “Divine Milton.” His verse, while it excites the most intense pleasures of which the human intellect is susceptible, mingle itself with our faith, and is associated with our conceptions of the future, and our hopes of immortality. From the Bible he drew the richest materials of his song. No wonder that it was sublime. If it elevates, it also purifies, and flows through the heart, like the “river of life,” bearing on its majestic bosom many a stray leaf from those trees which are “for the healing of the nations.”

*Mark.* How different is the character of the fame which he has wrought out for himself, and that of the gifted, but reckless Byron!

*Doc.* Different, and yet not without some traces of resemblance. The poet of modern skepticism has woven for himself a fadeless chaplet; but its leaves are full of poison. His lamp was kindled for him by some demon hand down amid the lurid lights of hell; and he came back with his infernal gift only to fascinate and ruin. With fire and gloom he has *blasted* his name deep into the substance of the rock, while Milton has rather deposited within the rock itself the gigantic outlines of a fame at once imperishable and illustrious—the remains of which, at some future day, may serve to represent the genius of his country when the very soul and substance of England’s nationality are gone, and even when her “white cliffs” themselves shall have been worn away by the numerous storms and slow action of revolving centuries.

*Harry.* Rather a long period to contemplate, unless one happens to be imaginative, or at least familiar with Brahminical calpas, and geological cycles—periods of almost equal and unbounded authority.

*Mark.* What a delightful morn! Did you observe

the sun rise, Doctor? It was a most glorious sight to see him looming over the eastern hills, and throwing his beams out all at once, in every possible direction, to enliven and adorn the landscape. It was an embroidery with threads of gold upon a cloth of green.

*Doc.* And see how the mighty orb throws his long lines of light, like finely attenuated arms, around our globe, as if to lift it from the depths of darkness, and bring it up into the broad light of day.

*Mark.* Do you see those dew-drops, Doctor, with which the leaves and the blades of grass, the fields and the garden, are all wet?

*Doc.* I have been admiring them ever since I came, until they have furnished me with some new ideas illustrative of the omniscience and omnipresence of God.

*Mark.* How numerous they are! and all glittering with refracted light. One might imagine that the solar beams had been broken into an infinite number of fragments, which were thrown, like diamond dust, upon the innumerable drops.

*Doc.* And then, in the focus of each drop, there is, as you will observe, another sun, glowing like melted metal, and burning like fire, each illuminating its own little watery system, and throwing the tints of the Iris over the surfaces of ten thousand liquid orbs.

*Mark.* O, beautiful—beautiful is the creation of God! And how beautiful must that mind be which conceived it all! We can look nowhere on the face of nature, without “beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord.”

*Doc.* Yes, as the dew-drops to the sun, so the earth and the stars hold up their mirrors to heaven, and in their material substance, no less than in their spiritual essence, the Divine features are everywhere reflected. See those comparatively large drops, how slightly they adhere to the sides and edges of the leaves, and others hang on the sharp points of the grass blades, like globes suspended in empty air. Nor will this comparison appear so very extravagant when their form is considered. It is spherical, as you perceive, and leads one to inquire whether it does not arise from the operation of the same law which, in obedience to the will of the Creator, gave to the earth and all the planets their peculiar shape? And then, as if to carry out the idea still further, notice their varied size, and how they are congregated together in clusters!

*Mark.* Constellations of dew! A universe in miniature!

*Doc.* A universe in miniature! The very thought I had in my own mind; for observe again, in favor of such an illusion—they are all transparent! As far as the eye can reach, on every spire of grass, on bush, and tree, and flower, these liquid orbs are

beautifully transparent. I can see through them. If they were full of animated beings, (and who shall demonstrate that they are not?) I could watch all their motions, and make myself acquainted with all their ways. And thus (if it be not profane to make the comparison) Jehovah, from his central throne, beholds all the dwellers upon earth, and the inhabitants of all worlds. The wide universe is comprehended by him in ONE INFINITE GLANCE; so that the mighty masses of its centre, and the little stars that faintly glimmer on its rim, the systems, and worlds, and beings, of which it is composed, with all their profound mysteries and complicated movements, are more transparent to HIS EYE than these dew-drops are to mine.

*Mark.* A sublime, but awful idea!

*Doc.* Think that, so far from concealing any of our actions from his notice, our very hearts themselves are naked and open before Him with whom we have to do. O, the depth of the knowledge of the Most High! It is a sea without a shore—"a deep where all our thoughts are drowned."

*Mark.* The train of reflection into which you have led us, Doctor, is not only elevating, but devotional and subduing in its influence. It spreads before us the vast and the illimitable, only to make us shrink back upon ourselves, and feel our nothingness. It takes us into the presence of the Ancient of days; and, although surrounded by the splendors of his throne, we cannot help but feel that he is our Father, and will listen to us, if, like little children, we speak to him in words of artless prayer. He cannot be indifferent to the welfare of those of whom he takes such constant and particular notice, and for whom he has multiplied so many sources of happiness. I am glad we are here—I am sorry that we must part—I feel grateful for those little worlds of water, and for the lessons of divine philosophy which they teach. I am sure I shall never again go forth at early dawn, and look upon a dew-drop, without thinking of the universe in miniature, and the omniscience of God.

*Doc.* I do not regret that our conversation has taken the turn that it has, since its tendency seems to be so favorable. This lovely scene, so singularly beautiful—the hour, with its associations of early hopes, and hallowed impressions, are suggestive of the most tender as well as of the most pious feeling. They have led our minds out in the contemplation of nature, and back to the origin of all things. Shall they not also lead them up, in orisons, to the great Original? Glorious and eternal Being! impress this truth upon our memories, that wherever we are, and whatever we do, thou knowest it altogether. And so may we ever walk before thee, that not a single act of our lives, nor a single motive of our hearts may look like a stain in the eye of Infinite purity.

*Harry.* A prayer to which we can all heartily respond, and say, amen.

*Roscrana.* (*enter Roscrana.*) Pa, breakfast is ready.

*Mark.* And we are ready for it. Gentlemen, let us adjourn to discuss a cup of coffee; and, if agreeable, in four weeks from this time, we will have some *Moore Imaginary Conversation.* (*Exeunt omnes.*)



Original.

#### U N W O N T E D R E S P O N S I B I L I T Y .

It is a fact, that many persons, who can do great things, extraordinary things, yet cannot do little, or common things, at all. This holds particularly good if the diversity be betwixt mental and personal occupations. Those persons whose engrossment is of literature or science, are often overwhelmed with the least responsibility of an opposite sort, and, with all their greatness, are seen to be deficient in the most common affairs of life.

I once heard a gentleman tell a humorous story concerning the learned and respectable Miss Hannah Adams, which, though substantially true, I yet suppose was considerably "got up," for the rehearsal.

"It was," said he, "in the autumn of 18—that I made my first visit to Boston. And after having completed the business which called me there, I determined to recreate myself a little, and see the lions of the place. I visited the State House, the Mall, the 'Old South,' and Dexter's Exchange. I was made free of the hospitals, asylums, houses of refuge, manufactories, bridges, aqueducts. I had heard C. and J. preach, and Dexter argue, and Lowell declaim—had visited the theatres, and, even beyond the purlieus of the city, had explored Parker's 'Labyrinth,' and attended a soiree at Madame Swan's 'pavilion'—I had stopped at the 'Tremont House,' and there was nothing more\* for me to wonder at or admire, saving and excepting that I had not yet seen the boast and pride of the city, Miss Hannah Adams. I had made one effort to this purpose; but a *mal apropos* visitor had prevented me. But my time was now expired; and, although regretting it exceedingly, I made up my mind that I must leave without seeing her. But I found luck better than labor; for as I entered my name at the stage-office I saw the name of Miss Adams, also, on the entry-book. She would be my fellow-passenger—I should see her after all. The next day, in due season, the coach called for me. I happened to be the first in. One passenger after another was called for, until I supposed we had our complement; but as yet no lady. But the driver said he had yet one more passenger to call for; and

\* Many years ago.

what a way it was! Up one long street, across another long street to an intersecting street, through a lane, an alley, a court, and at last we drew up at a small, neat, barely decent house. But this cannot be the residence of the American linguist and historian! The door opens, and out comes an aged, plainly dressed, diminutive female—unnoticeable every way, excepting that she is intent only on one thing—the care of her baggage. Her friends, having deposited her, with her chattels, in the coach, would fain make their adieus. But she takes no manner of notice of them; but, with an expression of anxiety and care, says, ‘Great trunk, little trunk, bundle, and bandbox.’ Says the coachman, supposing something amiss, ‘Madam, are the articles all right?’ ‘Great trunk, little trunk, bundle, and bandbox!’ ejaculated she, without noticing him. ‘All right, madam,’ says he. And we had now fairly got a start; but all along, as our lumbering vehicle, dashing over the pavement, would permit, we could hear the same thing—still the same, ‘Great trunk, little trunk, bundle, and bandbox.’ There was a covert smile, but nothing more, amongst the passengers. They probably all knew the lady by reputation, as their learned townswoman. Having cleared the town, and coming to an unobstructed road, I made bold to address myself to Miss Adams, giving my name, and observing that it was a fine morning for this pleasant excursion, &c. ‘A lovely morning,’ said she, politely, but relapsed immediately into, ‘Great trunk, little trunk, bundle, and bandbox; for,’ said she, ‘I am alone, and have to take care of my things myself. Umph! great trunk, little trunk, bundle, and bandbox.’ I was at a complete nonplus with this walking dictionary—this encyclopedia—this Jewish Talmud! So I was still—I may say stilled! But coming just now upon a little piece of uneven ground, ‘I wonder if they are all safe,’ said she, addressing herself to a gentleman who was situated to see the ends of the trunks behind, ‘I have a great trunk, little trunk, bundle, and bandbox.’ By and by a passenger made the observation that he had, in the morning, mistaken this day (Saturday) for the Sabbath. A gentleman replied, ‘Yes, the Jews’ Sabbath.’ This seemed to be a ‘leading question,’ and I made one more effort. ‘Miss Adams, the Jews are a very peculiar people.’ ‘Very, sir; but there is Dedham, where I stop,’ and bowing her head to me, by way of civility, she added, with fluent anxiety, ‘and I have a great trunk, little trunk, bundle, and bandbox.’ And now we are at the door where she should alight. Her friends are there to receive her; but to their kind greeting she answers with only a hasty ‘well.’ ‘Do, dear sir, look after my things. I brought them all myself, and I have a great trunk, little trunk, bundle, and bandbox.’ ‘I am so happy to see you.’ ‘I

wonder if they’re all safe.’ And as she said the last word, the last article was deposited within the door, and with the pathetic suspiration of long endurance, Miss Adams disappeared from my sight.”

“Irreverent wretch!” clamored the laughing auditory, “to ridicule such a woman as Miss Adams.” “Yes,” replied the narrator, with fine animation, “she is exactly *such* a one as we may make free with; for every body respects and venerates Miss Adams. Is she not known as one of the three female worthies of our planet?—the French De Stael, the English Miss Hannah More, and *our* Miss Hannah Adams. Isn’t it the chief brag of the Bostonians that she belonged to *them*? All this *was*,” said he, “but she is now gathered to her fathers. Still, is it not a post-mortem exultation that her dust reposes in *their* cemetery at Auburn? Here, also, she took precedence—she was the first interred there. Don’t every body know she was as unpretending as if she had *not* written a History of the Jews, and as simple and unobtrusive as if every millionaire of the city did *not* feel it an honor to converse with her? But yet,” added he, with comical pertinacity she *did* say, ‘Great trunk, little trunk, bundle, and bandbox,’ and nothing else.”

C. M. B.



#### Original.

#### THE PUNCH BOWLS.

THERE are many points of natural scenery in our own country as worthy of the attention of the traveler as any thing Europe can produce. Yet there is a constant tendency to undervalue every thing near, and overrate that which is at a distance, apparently from the simple fact that it is at a distance. The natural consequence is, that scenes of little intrinsic beauty or interest frequently occupy a place in the journal of a tourist abroad, to the almost entire neglect of those of far greater interest, both intrinsic and relative, at home. And oftentimes, by frequent descriptions, we become far more familiar with scenery in England, or France, or Italy, than with any in our own land, not in our own immediate vicinity. So long as this continues, and the avidity with which such descriptions are sought after and devoured remains, it will be impossible for us, as Americans, to form or preserve a distinctive nationality of feeling, such as characterizes almost all the other nations of the earth.

It was not, however, to criticise the prevailing tastes of the day, that this communication was commenced, but to add the writer’s humble aid in doing away the evil complained of, by inviting attention to scenery at home. In doing so, a description of one point will be attempted, which, it is believed, has seldom, if ever, received even a

notice from any traveler's pen. I refer to the Punch Bowls near Natchez, Miss.

Before entering upon a description of these, a passing remark may not be inappropriate with reference to the geological character of that part of the country. The land on either side of the lower Mississippi is entirely alluvial, or at least the greater part of it. Hence, for some hundreds of miles below Vicksburg, no stone is found, except silicious pebbles and petrifications. The surface of the country is extremely level, broken here and there only by bluffs, and is of a sandy character. Either from some peculiarity in these deposits themselves, or from the absence of the disintegrating influence of severe frosts, the soil does not wash like it does in the districts farther north. The action of running water, instead of wearing away the earth gradually, leaving inclined banks, causes precipices, or bayous, whose banks, or sides, are nearly or quite perpendicular. Thus the banks of the Mississippi, instead of presenting a gradual rise from the water, like those of the Ohio, and most of our northern streams, are very abrupt and precipitous. So much is this the case, that frequently the water is found to be more than one hundred feet deep within twenty feet of the shore.

The Punch Bowls are large sinks, or bayous, which appear to have been originally formed by the undermining influence of the Mississippi acting upon soil of this character. They are situated about two miles above the city of Natchez, and are three in number. The bluffs, which extend some miles above and below Natchez, rise nearly perpendicular to the height of about two hundred feet above the water; and the bottoms of these basins are nearly on a level with the river. Consequently, their depth is nearly or quite two hundred feet. The breadth, which is about the same in each, is probably six hundred feet. They are situated close together; and between two of them the passage is extremely narrow, being in one place not more than *three feet*. The sides are nearly perpendicular; so that you can almost reach the topmost limbs of trees growing one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet below you. In the narrowest point just mentioned, I should not think the sides of the two contiguous basins were more than sixty or seventy feet apart at the depth of one hundred and twenty feet.

The bottoms of these basins are quite level. Upon them, and even upon the declivitous sides, is found a heavy growth of magnolia, cypress, and pine trees, with here and there a tree of other kinds.

The appearance at a distance is by no means imposing. In fact, from the peculiarities just mentioned, the traveler is scarcely aware of their existence, until he stands upon their brink. He is here suddenly stopped, awe-struck, and mute with astonishment. Before him are three immense basins

lined and covered with timber and shrubbery, and bordered with flowers of the wild hydrangea and other plants. The shade of the thickened foliage, deepened by the gloomy Spanish moss pendant from almost every limb, conceals in part the real form and character of the place, and add to its terrible grandeur. Far below him, and almost at his feet, he sees the tops of the tallest pines and magnolias; and with a feeling of apprehension he instinctively draws back, lest by one false step he might be precipitated upon the top of some tree many feet below him.

"Silence, and solitude, and gloom,"

seem entirely to invest the spot, and to have chosen it as their own peculiar residence. And he feels for the moment in the presence of Nature clothed in her most august dress. Riveted to the spot, he appears lost in contemplation, until the shades of evening warn him away from a place awe-inspiring in its very nature, and filled with legendary terrors.

These immense basins were once the retreat of a fierce bandit of robbers. Many fearful and tragical scenes are related as having been performed within their gloomy shades. One of these gave rise to a work of fiction, published sometime since, entitled, "The Murdered Family, a legend of the Punch Bowls."

The dreadful tornado which visited Natchez in May, 1840, injured the appearance of the Bowls very much; for, strange as it may seem, the trees at the bottom suffered more than those on the lands above. They are still, however, of great interest, and well worthy a visit from all who love to view nature in her wildest retreats, and arrayed in her choicest robes of sublimity and grandeur. W.



#### Original.

#### PRACTICAL DUTIES.

It has been said of two in whose minds "the light of song was enshrined," and whose harps, we trust, are now mingled in *His* praise upon whose arm they had alike "hung all their golden hopes," that the one had come through poetry to thought, the other through thought to poetry. It is thus that the order of cause and effect is sometimes reversed in minds even of correspondent tone, and in which the same work, by these reversed influences, is finally wrought out. As the heart is led by religion to the fulfillment of all that is *pure, lovely, and of good report*, so does the fulfillment of these things lead the heart, through many windings, to the embrace of religion. As the course of the small streams, which thread the valley with their veins of silver, must, if patiently followed, conduct us to the shining river, whose broad wave bears on to a final port, even so do the gentle virtues, the pure affections, the daily duties of life, in all their

minute bearings, lead the heart eventually to that *peace which is as a river*, and by whose flow it is borne to an eternal haven. The fulfillment of the smallest duty as such—the exercise of all the affections and sympathies that were planted in the heart for the diffusion of comfort and happiness to those around us, cannot but harmonize the soul, and withdraw it for a time from the less hallowed influences of the world. And if such are the daily habitudes of life, the soul familiar only with gentle thoughts and purposes of love must be led in the quiet hush that such influences must shed through all its depths, to think of that Being whose crown-name is Love, and of the "Victim Friend," who was offered on the cross.



#### Original.

### THE FAMILY WHICH JESUS LOVED.

BY REV. MOSES CROW.

"Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus," John xi, 5.

No land is so rich in historic incidents of thrilling interest as Palestine. Here were enacted some of the most stupendous scenes that ever passed before human eye, or were rehearsed in human ear. God himself was the principal actor in this interesting exhibition, which consisted chiefly in a sublime display of his own attributes. Incarnate in Jesus of Nazareth, he moved through the land, now casting a look of benignity on human suffering, which bade the sufferer rejoice—now speaking in tones of peerless authority, which made the guilty tremble. In tracing the life of the Savior, we must not lose the private in the public, the man and the Christian in the teacher and the worker of miracles. While we seek a demonstration of the truth of his religion in the latter, we should seek an illustration of that truth in the former. If he was God, he was also man. In the character of the former he challenged adoration—in the character of the latter imitation. While we adore the Divinity, let us admire and imitate the humanity—while he was the enemy of none, he had his select friends—while he sought to benefit *all*, he admitted but *few* to social intimacy. Among these latter were the three constituting the family of Bethany—Martha, her sister Mary, and their brother Lazarus. Martha, who, we may suppose, was a widow, appears as the head of the family, of which Lazarus and Mary were members. Probably they were orphans. The notices of this family, in the New Testament, are few and very brief; but from these few notices we may collect some interesting particulars.

Martha, as the head of the house, felt it incumbent on her to provide for the comfort of her

guests, and hence we are told that she "was cumbered with much serving." It does not appear, however, that she was a person of a decidedly worldly mind, but one of those kind and friendly women, who thought she could best evince her regard for her distinguished guest, by assiduous attention to his temporal wants. In this she was the perfect antipode of her sister Mary, who thought she could best show her love for her Master by humble and devout attention to his word. In this she was not mistaken; for our Savior gave a decided approbation to her course, while he reproved, with affectionate tenderness, the overweening solicitude for temporal service evinced by her sister Martha. The course of each seems to have been pursued out of pure regard for the Messiah, while the difference serves to show how much more correct were the views of Mary concerning the service Christ delighted to receive. They both, however, united in their lively regard for the Savior; and their brother, no doubt, shared in their mutual feeling. With this kind and pious family our divine Redeemer used frequently to turn aside, to tarry for the night. How surpassingly sweet were those social interviews, hallowed by the presence and the conversation of the Savior of the world! We need not wonder that their attachment to him became so strong, though we must admire the condescending reciprocation of that attachment. It was mutual and deep. The time soon came for the proof of that mutual affection. This interesting family circle was invaded by death, and the disconsolate sisters were called to mourn the loss of their affectionate brother. He was laid in the grave, and the neighbors gathering around the afflicted orphans, to tender their friendly condolence. The Savior was the first in their thoughts in this extremity, and they earnestly wished to see him. And where was he in whom centred all their hopes? He had purposely stayed away, not for want of affection for these bereaved ones, but that he might have an opportunity of making a simultaneous display of his affection and infinite power. After the lapse of four days, he came, approached the grave, paused, and wept. That tear was the tear of affection. He looks toward heaven, with a look of ineffable sweetness and dignity, then speaks to the departed, and, with the voice of authority, commands him to come forth. That voice was the voice of God, the same which evoked, from primeval chaos, the world with its splendid garniture, at which "all the sons of God shouted for joy." With what emotions of inexpressible delight did these sisters receive to their arms their restored brother. How doubly dear was he now to them; and with what rapt attention would they all now listen to the words of Christ, so clearly shown, by this stupendous miracle, to be "the anointed," and "sent of God!" If they

had entertained any doubts of his Messiahship up to that hour, "meridian evidence" would have put those doubts to flight. They saw his power and acknowledged it, while the Jews, confounded, resorted to various machinations to destroy the effect of this "mighty sign and wonder" upon the populace. "What do we?" "This man doeth many miracles." Among other dark designs, they meditated the destruction of Lazarus, who moved among the people, a living, speaking monument of the divine power and authority of the Savior. If this plot was known to the sisters, with what untiring vigilance must they have watched the steps of their hunted brother. It is not probable that these wicked purposes were executed: if they had been, we might look for some notice of the fact; but none is given. We may presume, therefore, that these three orphans continued to enjoy each other's society, and the society of their adored Savior, till he was "perfected." Their attachment to him must have been greatly strengthened by this merciful interposition, in restoring to them their lost brother. What would be too great to expect from him after this? and with what augmented interest would Mary sit at his feet, and listen to his expositions of Scripture, and his developments of the gracious purposes of God! And we may suppose that even Martha laid aside her over-anxiety to serve, and took her place with her sister at her Master's feet.

The last time this family met our Lord in a social interview, of which we have any account, was six days before the Passover, in Bethany. A supper was provided for him by Simon the leper, perhaps in grateful remembrance of what Christ had done for him. Martha served, while Lazarus was one of the guests. This was an interesting time. The period was near when the Redeemer of the world was to suffer. He had passed through the preparatory process—had taught the people—demonstrated his divinity by his mighty works, and submitted to all the insults and indignities of an unbelieving and malignant nation. Already was his destruction resolved upon by his enemies, and he was calmly waiting the appointed hour. He saw just before him the mount of suffering, with its cross, and its terrible torture. But such scenes had no terror for him. He had contemplated them with intense interest, as the grand ultimatum of his earthly career. "For the joy that was set before him," he was fully prepared to "endure the cross," "despising the shame." Such an event was also looked for by others, who had heard and understood his teachings. A few, throwing off the trammels which tradition had imposed, saw into the spiritual nature of the Messiah's kingdom, and expected him "to die for the people." Among these was Mary. She had long been in the habit of sitting at his feet, and looking up to him as her prophet.

She was now looking forward to the accomplishment of his priestly work, in making an atonement for sin. To this work she knew he had been anointed; and as an expression of her faith, prompted by a kind and generous impulse, she poured a "very costly ointment upon his feet, and wiped them with the hair of her head." She selected this as a very suitable mode of expressing her attachment to her Lord, and her confidence in his pretensions. The blessed Jesus did not rebuke her; for he knew the motives that led her to do it. There was one dark and craven spirit present, that looked on this act of the confiding woman with fiendish emotions. The avaricious traitor and thief complained of this ostensible waste, hypocritically pretending a regard for the poor; while the real reason of his complaint was, a wish to appropriate the value of the ointment to himself. In this conduct he evinced both a want of regard for his Master, and his own contemptible, miserly propensity. This anointing had reference to the death of Christ, and the fragrant odor that filled the house may be regarded as strikingly symbolical of the blessed and delightful effects of his preached Gospel. To many it is "the savor of life unto life." Mary, in this simple transaction, reared for herself "a monument more durable than brass;" for our adorable Savior said, that "wherever this Gospel should be preached, this should be told as a memorial of her."

Six days after this supper the blessed Savior was crucified. Whether the members of this pious family were present to witness the awful tragedy, we are not informed; but from their strong attachment to our Lord, we may reasonably conclude they would not be absent. Perhaps the two sisters were among the women who followed and beheld the scene "afar off." With what intense anxiety did they await his resurrection! Probably they were among the "five hundred" to whom he revealed himself before his ascension. Perhaps they formed a part of the primitive Church, and we may fondly cherish the belief that they now enjoy the uninterrupted presence and smile of him whom they loved and followed while on earth.

Let us indulge a few reflections: 1. All this family loved the Savior, though they manifested their affection in different ways—Martha by serving, Mary by hearing and attending to his word. They were all equally sincere, though not equally correct in their views. 2. Our Lord loved all of them in return, and exhibited this love in his frequent visits, in his sympathy in their afflictions, and in his restoration of the lost member to the family circle. 3. In his gentle and affectionate reproof of Martha, for her over-anxiety to serve, and in his declared approbation of Mary's choice, he would teach us that "to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." As the soul is

more valuable than the body, so to nourish and embellish it are more important than to care for and feed the body. 4. We have a beautiful picture of family piety. These three persons lived in peace and harmony, loved their Savior, and were loved by him. 5. We learn the blessedness of entertaining strangers: "some have thereby entertained angels;" but this family entertained him "who has a more excellent name than the angels"—the Lord of life and glory. 6. We see with whom Jesus loves to dwell—with those who receive his teaching—who believe on and love him. If we would have the Savior's presence we must prize it, and with a glad mind follow all his counsels and admonitions. What an honor to have the Savior of the world for a guest! Let us open the door to him without delay.



## Original.

## DESTRUCTION OF SODOM.

BY REV. HARLEY GOODWIN, A. M.

WHERE now the Dead Sea rolls its sluggish tide,  
And mournful solitude and death reside,  
Luxuriance and splendor once prevailed,  
And sportive crowds the breath of life inhaled.  
On a vast plain there numerous cities rose,  
Enriched with all the bounties earth bestows;  
And still had they in safety long remained;  
But *vice* in every form triumphant reigned.  
There *Luxury* lay in thought supine and low,  
Mindless of that high Source whence blessings flow;  
With torpid eye there brute *Intemperance* reeled;  
Through the rent air his horrid curses pealed;  
With haughty looks there stalked unfeeling *Pride*,  
And *Pleasure* gay, with *Lewdness* at her side,  
Through scenes of mirth and folly danced along,  
While *Dissipation* ruled the giddy throng.

The God of justice, who o'er all presides,  
Rules the wide world, and good from ill divides,  
Saw them in sin whence naught could them reclaim,  
Dead to reproof, and callous even to shame,  
And seeing swore—in holy anger swore—  
"This race shall die, and vex the earth no more."  
Yet even then, though long with crimes provoked,  
He had, in love, the dread decree revoked,  
Even then had heard the patriarch's earnest prayer,  
Had there been ten, ten only, righteous there.  
But all, from age to youth, had gone astray,  
And all, save one, in vice imbruted lay.  
To rescue *him* from ruin's direful storm,  
Two angels come, arrayed in human form.  
'Tis evening when they reach the city's gate,  
Where Lot, in thoughtful silence, seemed to wait.  
With friendship's beaming look, he rising meets,  
And these celestial strangers humbly greets;

With urgent kindness presses them to stay,  
And all his deeds a generous heart display.

Now sable night the guilty place enshrouds,  
And vice collects its dissipated crowds;  
Abroad is heard the bold, rebellious cry  
Of thousands on the morrow doomed to die.  
These angel guests their message then declare,  
And bid their host for speedy flight prepare:  
"Go, go," they said, "to all thy children haste,  
And lead them forth from this devoted place."  
With hasty steps the anxious father runs;  
In moving calls he warns his faithless sons:  
"Up, up," he cries, "for safety quickly fly;  
Soon must this place o'erwhelmed in ruin lie;  
The Lord of vengeance will no longer spare:  
Fly, then, my sons, lest you destruction share."  
In vain his warning call—to them he seemed  
Only in sport, or in a pious dream.  
With trembling voice he gave his last adieu,  
And, drowned in grief, from his lost sons withdrew.

Silent the midnight hours now pass away,  
Save where a few abandoned wretches stray,  
And these at length, with weariness oppressed,  
Quit their dark deeds, and sink in troubled rest.  
Then every human voice and sound is still,  
And fancied scenes the slumbering vision fill;  
All, all are lost in dreams, or sound repose,  
Save wakeful Lot, whose eyes no slumbers close;  
He lies, revolving in his anxious mind  
The fate of those he soon must leave behind.  
Hark! through the air the cock's loud clarion thrills;  
See, morn advances o'er the eastern hills.  
The angel guests now haste the favored few,  
Press them to leave and take their final view;  
But still they linger—recollections dear  
Crowd on their minds, and force the parting tear.  
The heavenly strangers seize the unwilling hand,  
Conduct them forth, and urge the kind command—  
"Escape for life, nor longer here remain,  
Nor backward look, nor linger on the plain."  
The rescued few no longer dare delay,  
But from the city, trembling, speed their way,  
And all, save one, the strict command obey.  
She, still attached to Sodom's wretched crew,  
And disbelieving God's prediction true,  
Turns to behold: at once the frost of death  
Chills to her heart, and stops her vital breath,  
Curdles the blood in every flowing vein,  
Stiffens each limb, and petrifies her frame:  
Glazed are her eyes, and motionless her hands—  
On the wide plain a monument she stands.  
The rest undeviating step maintain,  
And soon the appointed place in safety gain.  
But what emotions agitate each mind!  
The wife, the mother, lingers far behind.  
Backward they gaze, and vainly seek relief,  
And, overcome, they mourn with frenzied grief.

Behold, the risen sun on Sodom gleams;  
 Still undisturbed the course of nature seems;  
 The sky is clear, the morning air serene;  
 In naught around is threatening danger seen.  
 Refreshed by sleep, the sons of Sodom rise—  
 Creation, smiling, cheers their roving eyes.  
 Thankless and prayerless they the day begin,  
 Prepared to run their wonted course in sin.  
 Each walk resounds with noise of trampling feet;  
 The busy hum is heard in every street;  
 No fears of death the careless mind employ;  
 All, all is bustle, pleasure, reckless joy.

Sudden a gathering cloud shuts out the sun,  
 And through the air deep, hollow murmurs run;  
 Darkness and gloom involve the face of day,  
 And in the sky red angry lightnings play;  
 Near and more near the sullen thunders roll,  
 And startling horrors shake the guilty soul;  
 The billowy, flashing clouds o'erspread the plain;  
 Scarce do the worldly from their toil refrain,  
 Scarce round the mother do her children press,  
 And in their looks their little fears express;  
 Scarce do the sportive raise the astonished eye;  
 Scarce do the timid for the covert fly;  
 Scarce do the bold suspect approaching harm,  
 When the loud thunder roars the last alarm!  
 Sulphureous flames in whelming torrents fall,  
 And one broad sheet of death enwraps them all;  
 A general shriek is heard, a general groan;  
 Earth heaves, and the whole plain is overthrown;  
 Its numerous cities form one funeral pyre,  
 And sunk in flames the writhing crowds expire!

Destruction's work is done; the storm is o'er;  
 Retiring thunders cease their hollow roar.  
 Abram afar his anxious eye extends,  
 And lo! a smoke from all the land ascends;  
 The shroud of ruin spreads the smoldering plain,  
 And none, save Zoar, of all its towns remain.

But are the thousands gone—for ever gone,  
 Who hailed with sprightly joy the rising dawn?  
 For ever is probation's season o'er,  
 And must they hail the light of life no more?  
 Has holy Justice sealed their final doom,  
 Where night eternal spreads its awful gloom—  
 Where hell's dark fires surround the guilty soul,  
 And baleful passions rage without control?  
 Then O how poor the triumph vice can gain!  
 How short, alas! how fatal is its reign!

But that blest few, who reach the heavenly Zoar,  
 Shall hear aloof the storm of ruin roar—  
 Shall see on flames creation's funeral pile,  
 And, undismayed, o'er falling nature smile.



PEACE may be the lot of the mind  
 That seeks it in meekness and love.

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#### Original.

#### LIGHTS AND SHADES.

THERE is an hour when gladness swells  
 Upon the buoyant soul;  
 When merriment rings out in peals  
 That care may not control;  
 When hearts beat high, elate with joy,  
 And throbbing wildly free,  
 Feel not the blast of cank'ring grief,  
 Or sting of misery.

There is an hour when joy doth come,  
 To cheer us on our way,  
 While wand'ring through this world of gloom,  
 Mid fiery passion's play;  
 When feelings, bright and joyous, thrill  
 The deep recess of mind,  
 And not a shade of anxious care  
 Or woe is left behind.

Ah! then it is that darkness comes  
 Athwart the glowing sky,  
 While gloom and sadness, gath'ring fast,  
 Compel our joys to fly.

Thus is the calm succeeded oft  
 By the tempest's angry breath,  
 Beneath whose sway all living things  
 Are swept away in death.

#### THE CONTRAST.

There is an hour when sadness comes  
 Upon the wearied heart;  
 When gloominess weighs down the soul,  
 And tears unbidden start;  
 When hearts that once, elate with joy,  
 Were throbbing wildly free,  
 Are swept by grief's tornado blast,  
 And plunged in misery.

There is an hour when peace is gone,  
 And joy hath passed away;  
 When hope itself is sunken low,  
 And scarcely lends its ray;  
 When feeling is with anguish fraught,  
 And naught is left behind  
 To fill the dreary waste of life—  
 The aching void of mind.

O, then it is that joyance comes,  
 And sorrow's cloud must fly,  
 Leaving the soul as clear and free  
 As yon bright azure sky.

'Tis thus the darkest, drearest hour,  
 Precedes the coming day;  
 And oft the calm is ushered in  
 By the lightning's fiery play.

E.



WHAT is life? a flower that blows,  
 Nipped by the frost, and quickly dead.  
 What is life? the full-blown rose,  
 That's scorched at noon and withered.

Original.

AN ADDRESS.\*

BY HON. BELLAMY STORER.

It was a profound as well as beautiful remark of Addison, that the soul without education is like marble in the quarry, shapeless, unpolished, lifeless. The skill of the artist alone separates the block from the mass, brings forth its inherent beauties, and adapts it to the highest purposes of human enjoyment.

Taste and genius are then permitted to exert their full power; and in the elevation, the refinement they produce in architecture and statuary, the marble becomes a type of that intellectual greatness to which man can attain when his every faculty is developed, his whole moral nature disciplined and softened by the teachings of eternal truth.

All minds, to carry out the figure, belong to the same quarry. In their essential properties, they are the same; but in their capacity for the development of the highest power, they widely differ. One portion of the material is adapted to great strength, and may well be the foundation stone, or the pillar of some massive structure. Another, less indurated, receives a mirror-like surface, and breathes, as it were, beneath the life-giving touch of the sculptor. Another, apparently of but little value in its original state, is submitted to the action of fire, receives new combinations, and furnishes the cement, without which no fabric can be safely erected or long preserved.

Every grade of human intellect, therefore, may be improved, and all profitably directed to fulfill the great purposes of our being; and hence the responsibility to educate and be educated when God has given the power.

The inquiry then very naturally presents itself, who should be permitted to teach, and how shall the great public mind be taught? We use the term public mind, for the aggregate of human intellect which composes it; and remark, furthermore, that each individual possesses great power to affect, either directly or indirectly, the integrity of the mass for good or for evil.

"Tis a great chain, whatever link you strike,  
Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike."

We answer the interrogatory, that no one should attempt to educate others who is not educated himself. We mean by this one who has not disciplined his faculties, and taxed his highest powers in the investigation of moral truth—who has not felt how vast is the field, and yet how finite the capacity,

how brief the probation allowed to explore it. A man may have acquired much learning—he may have observed with a critical eye the varied forms of creation that meet him wherever he directs his steps—he may have glorious conceptions of the beautiful and sublime in nature; yet, unless these attainments have called forth noble and just views of human character, impressed upon him the great truth that he belongs to humanity, and in proportion to his ability to improve his race, their claims upon him are increased, he is unfit to direct their education; for he has no real interest in their moral advancement. He must sympathize with his fellows before he can instruct them, else his efforts will be uselessly employed.

We may read inscriptions graven on brass or marble, and admire the faithfulness of the execution, as well as the beauty of the sentiment; but the impression is soon lost: there is nothing in the lifeless metal, or the cold stone, that returns a kindred echo to our souls—there is no spiritual communion, no moral tie to bind us together. And thus it is, as it ever has been, and will be, that all education must be superficial, in the highest degree, unless the instructor practically illustrates the relation that Heaven intended man should sustain to his brother man.

Again, we hold it to be a cardinal principle, that the teacher should be thoroughly instructed in all the branches of knowledge he professes to teach. He ought not only to have the forms of ideas, but the ideas themselves. His acquaintance with what he assumes to know should be intimate, exact, profound. If he has but entered the threshold, he should know every step—have marked every stage of his progress thither: he should be able to retain the ground he occupies, even if he cannot advance. With him there should be no retrograde. To calculate for a moment on such a result, proves at once that he is unfit to instruct others while he sustains so doubtful, so unsafe a position himself.

Superficial learning, which really is no better than negative ignorance, is one of the great evils of our times. In our haste to acquire, we forget the old maxim, "*to hasten slowly.*" Our age has so much of restlessness in all its movements, so eager is it to accomplish great, but what are too often mistaken purposes, that much which is done it would be far better had not been done.

Hence, the frequency of mere pretension, concealed for a brief time under a flippant exterior, making up in boldness and self-complacency for the absence of sound acquirements. Hence, too, the ceaseless round of discussions, as they are termed, upon every variety of subject, whether of art or science, literature, morals, or religion, where loquacity is the test of knowledge, and the friction merely that is consequent upon keeping so much

\* Delivered on the anniversary of the Young Ladies' Lyceum of the Methodist Female Collegiate Institute in Cincinnati, July 2, 1845. Published at the request of the young ladies.

machinery in constant motion, the evidence of superior mental power, we should have said of marvelous versatility of talent.

While in the mechanic arts, excellence is attained only by a minute acquaintance with all their dependencies, and from one admitted truth others are alone deduced, the whole combination thus becoming applicable to the purposes of life, on the great subject of education, by many, far too many, the principle is but partially admitted, if not utterly reprobated. Should a man, who has not studied the philosophy of mind, investigated its whole order, and formed correct views of its capacity for improvement, be intrusted with the intellectual training of the young? It is a reproach upon the moral sense of any community whenever such an anomaly exists; and the only expiation that can be effectually made by those who have tolerated the evil, is to repudiate the practice at once. We must not forget that literature and the arts have had their golden age. If we can ever rival, we cannot hope to surpass the monuments of genius that the painters, the sculptors, the rhetoricians, and the poets of antiquity have left behind them. Such memorials teach us a lesson of humility. While they stimulate us to imitate the past, they exhibit a result attained only by patient labor and the most accurate scientific knowledge. We are firm believers in the law of progress; but it is not in the increased measure of the human intellect, but only in our moral ability to be useful, produced by Christian civilization. So far as mind only is concerned, although its march, as is often said, is onward, it is only onward as the pillar of cloud and of fire from heaven directs its energies and controls its waywardness.

Again: we maintain that the teacher must be firm in his principles and independent in his thoughts. His opinions should be his own, formed upon the best models, and freed, if possible, from every thing like pedantry and cant: they should be in harmony with his conscience, and that conscience should be regulated by the will of God. If he attains this proud eminence, he will necessarily be superior to applause or censure, except so far as error may deserve the one or integrity of conduct the other. His object should be to advance the moral condition of his pupils, not his own fame, for that will follow him, sooner or later, if he is true to himself. He should be strictly impartial in his government—just, consistent, magnanimous. No influences should for a moment, whether directed by fear, or instigated by favor, be suffered to control him. In the circle of which he is the centre, there should be the picture of a well-regulated Christian republic, developing in all their beauty the reciprocal obligations of protection and obedience. Here the germs of evil are

to be met, and their growth resisted—the capacity for good unfolded—the whole nature regulated. How much of self-sacrifice, how great a measure of patience is required for the faithful discharge of duty—how important to suppress all passion, to subject the rebel feelings to the stern rule of personal discipline, and while teaching the blessed results of self-constraint, to illustrate them in his own character!

Modes of teaching, in our day, change so often, and the crude publications of shallow thinkers are so numerous, that infinite mischief will be the result, unless the instructor is decided in his course to resist all innovation that is not demanded by sound experience. The bookseller, the editor, the hired eulogist of worthless pages that never should have seen the light, have too often forced upon the public attention volumes without merit; and in the effort to prevent their introduction into common use, the conscientious teacher has too often been injuriously assailed. This he must expect, for it is the tribute that meanness pays to honest independence; but he must not yield either to flattery or abuse. His fidelity to truth is the only safeguard for the soundness of his teachings, the only assurance to parents that the minds of their children will not be corrupted by direct impurity, or their vigor impaired by a meagre discipline of the moral powers. To his care a precious trust is confided. He alone is to minister in the temple, and no strange fire should burn on its altars.

But, above all, the teacher must be a believer in revelation. On the ethics of the New Testament he must repose for all sound morality, all wholesome restraint. He can only learn there the elements of truth, disconnected from the philosophy of schoolmen and the expediency of politicians. He there listens to the great Teacher, and becomes a learner in that vast school for human discipline—the world. Its congregated millions are thus embodied—their origin, their duty, their destiny unfolded—their trials, their joys, their triumphs recorded. He can now appropriate to himself the character he was born to bear, and casting his admiring eye into infinite space, while his whole heart is dilated with the glory of the conception, he can feel that he is immortal. Not so with the infidel: he understands not his own high calling—he has no faith beyond the narrow limits that confine him here—he cannot, therefore, impart to others the communion that intellect holds with the Eternal, or sympathize in the holy assurance of life beyond the grave. The ties that bind him to earth are selfish, weak, inconstant. When they are sundered, there is an end to his purposes—a dark, uncertain future—in sober verity, the suicide of the soul.

The Bible must not only be the sole arbiter of duty with the teacher, but the daily exercise of his

pupils. And here permit us to say, that our Protestant reformation is but feebly understood—it is, in truth, but half perfected, if the sacred volume is not made the standard of all moral accountability in every seminary of learning. Without it we have no Christian liberty, no unvarying rule of conduct, nothing to equalize human condition, or account for its diversities. With it we are free men, in the largest, holiest sense of the term—we learn to control our passions, purify our nature, and reconcile the ways of God to man. Without the influence of this volume, freely and constantly exerted upon his pupils, there can be no sure hope of their ultimate usefulness—for the regulation of their minds, or the education of their hearts. It is equally opposed to dreamy transcendentalism, and the presumptuous teachings of unchastened reason, as it is to the bold speculations of the skeptic; for it will be found that between them, practically speaking, there is but little difference; on the contrary, peculiar sympathy. All have their origin in the assumed ability of man, depending merely upon himself to govern his propensities and direct his faculties. They all proceed upon the hypothesis that man is more perfect than all experience proves that he is, or can be; and professing to entertain noble views of human dignity, they establish arbitrary rules that are only tolerated, not observed. But the law of the Bible depends upon no such contingency: it is called into being by no human interpretation: it is above all mind; for it regulates all mind: its sanctions ask no liberty for their claims from those upon whom they operate: they are beyond mutation, and cannot be affected by the casuistry or explained away by the subtlety of intellectual pride.

Such are our views of the qualifications of a teacher of youth. Perhaps, in the estimate of some of our audience, the standard is too elevated, and the question might be asked, who can fulfill its requirements? And it would be well if such questions were often propounded; for it would indicate a deeper interest in the education of the young—it would awaken the public mind to a higher sense of duty on this momentous question, involving as it does the present character of the individual, and in no small degree that of the age. Such a sentiment, when once created, would elevate the office of a teacher to the position it should justly occupy—it would place, in many respects, the noblest profession on earth where it long since should have been found—so far above the mercenary taste of the world at large, that it would always command the highest intellect, and receive, as it deserves, the highest homage. Education would then be justly valued—priceless itself, it would be above all calculation of equivalents. And how shall we estimate the boon? The hap-

piness, temporal and eternal, of our children can alone furnish the standard. Those children are our jewels, to be trodden in the dust, or adorn a coronet, as we shall polish and preserve the gem.

We have spoken of education in its broadest sense, as we wished to embrace in our remarks the whole system, without distinction of sex; but the occasion upon which we have met, reminds us that the training of the female mind is the immediate object of the institution whose respected teachers, and pupils, and patrons we now address. If the men of the country deserve the application of such moral and mental power to bring out their faculties, and prepare them for their appropriate stations in society, shall not the women of the country, who are destined to refine society by their example, to exalt it by their influence, shall they not be thoroughly educated? For ourselves, we do not, we cannot hesitate to say that if any distinction is to be made, it ought in justice to be in favor of the female sex: if any system of mental culture more thorough than another exists, its benefits should be bestowed upon women. It well becomes those who are to mold the public mind, as they form the principles and develop the powers of individuals, to have the ability to detect latent talent, to unfold its every element, and direct it to some honorable, some useful pursuit. At the domestic fireside, life's first lessons are taught; and how perilous is the period when the infant mind receives its earliest ideas, and associates with them the hallowed name of mother! How solemn is the sanction her counsels impose—how deep the reverence of filial obedience! And here, where the intellect is molded, and the germs of feeling nurtured into enduring affection, what scope is there for moral training—the deep communion of heart with heart, until the mother and her offspring become identical; and whether the lovely plant shall cling to the parent tree, receiving, as it shoots upward, protection and support, or, neglected and untrained, shall grow wild, creeping and groveling on the earth, depends at last upon maternal teaching. Let there be error here, or falsehood here, or unsubdued evil here, and the child is in a state of moral orphanage—nominally, indeed, under maternal care, but for all practical purposes without parental sympathy. If, however, the relation is justly appreciated, and a mother's virtues become the guide of her offspring—if her mental as well as moral influence are exerted to refine, exalt, and purify the youthful affections, to inscribe upon the young mind eternal truth, then it is that the highest purposes of our being are accomplished, the noblest duty fulfilled. Then it is that we can realize the beautiful sentiment of a gifted bard—

"Some feelings are to mortals given,  
With less of earth in them than heaven;

And if there be a human tear  
From passion's dross refined and clear,  
A tear so limpid, and so meek,  
It would not stain an angel's cheek,  
'Tis that which pious parents shed  
Upon a dutious daughter's head."

We have thus imperfectly sketched our views on the intellectual and moral training of the young, and it now remains for us to apply them more directly to those whom we especially address. You have witnessed, young ladies, in the scenes through which you have already passed, the evidence that your best, your most cherished resolutions, need constant watchfulness and firmness of purpose to sustain them. The variety of pursuit, the change of condition, the caprice of human opinion, all combine to render the discharge of duty difficult, and, not unfrequently, the search after truth weary, perhaps obscure. Yet it is your condition in this world; and you only are true to yourselves when you bear meekly, yet patiently and faithfully, your allotted burden. Your destiny can alone be accomplished when you dedicate all your powers to elevate the tone of society, and reform its thousand errors. You are the guardians of the moral purity of the age in which you live, and upon your high estimate of female character mainly depends the health, the vigor, the manly independence of the public mind. Man may think as he will, and his false pride may cause him to deny that the power of woman constrains and regulates his waywardness, yet the great truth exists unchanged and unchangeable.

How, then, shall you fulfill your measure of duty in this noble work? Prepare yourselves here for the responsibility that will ere long press upon your minds and hearts. The first important lesson to learn is, to subject your will to the guidance of your teachers, to confide cheerfully in their counsel, and listen to their experience. As they have disciplined their tempers, and chastened their feelings, so imitate their self-conquest. They have passed the ordeal in which you are to be tried: let their knowledge become yours; and when they have been refined by the process, how precious their wisdom, how clear the light of their example!

Without generous confidence on the part of the pupil, all teaching is useless; and perhaps there is no obstacle so opposed to moral progress as distrust. When the boatman quailed at the helm, the exclamation, "Fear not, you carry Cæsar!" called him back to duty, and danger was overcome. So let it be with you. If ever doubt dims your vision, or obstructs your progress—if ever, in your hours of relaxation, the temptation to cast off restraint, and plant yourself upon your own ability to control your conduct should suggest itself, hold no communion with the sentiment it inspires. To hesitate is moral treason to your holiest, your

purest interests—your right to a proud position in society is ingloriously surrendered—peradventure the "silver cord is loosed for ever—the golden bowl is broken!"

"The font reappearing,  
From the rain drop may borrow;  
But to her comes no cheering—  
To her comes no morrow:  
Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the snow on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain,  
She is gone for ever."

Next to moral restraint, the cultivation of a pure taste is intimately connected with female happiness—we should say it is a distinctive mark of female excellence. In the study of nature, you will find sources of instruction hitherto unknown. You will see there the bright and joyous emblems of your spiritual union with Him who spread out the heavens, and hung our world in space: you meet his image in the sparkling pebble at your feet, and in the bright orbs that light up the universe. Yes, you

"Can lift above an unpresumptuous eye,  
And, smiling, say, my Father made them all."

A delicate taste, once acquired, manifests itself in every department of life—in the choice of books, pursuits, companions. Like the mellow light of even, it softens every object upon which it acts, and is not only the source of pleasure, but the means of its enjoyment. How much there is in the ephemeral productions of the day to create a false taste, and impair the moral principle, we are reminded in the pages of every newspaper, and too often by the publications so profusely, so carelessly strewn upon the centre-table. Could our voice but be heard, there would be an *auto de fe* of many a volume, now adorned with all the embellishments of art, and redolent, as false criticism might inscribe, of genius. We would cast out as evil every work of fiction whose immediate tendency was not strictly moral—we would exorcise the domestic sanctuary, whether the subtil intruder in the form of poetry or prose had invaded it. No matter how elevated the author's fame, we would make no distinction. If the poison is found in Byron, or Moore, or Bulwer, or Sue, it is equally, aye, more fatal than the philosophy of Rousseau, of Voltaire, and Hume. The last shock by their bold infidelity—the former repel rebuke, so insinuating and so gilded is the deceit, until the moral sentiment is impaired, if not fatally corrupted. What parent, we would ask, can coolly permit such works to be read by his children, and yet hope for the stability of their principles?

The peculiar spirit that now pervades our land, as we have already said, is that of restless effort, directed mainly, not to mental, but pecuniary acquirement. Wealth has become our idol, and, in

some of her thousand forms, the great mass are blind worshipers at her shrine. Thus impelled, our own sex struggle for what is falsely called independence, narrowing their sphere of duty, and subjecting every faculty to this all-absorbing motive. Is it to be doubted, then, that the value of our example is lessened, when those who look to us for protection and counsel find so little sympathy with the nobler elements of their nature? How important, therefore, to guard your hearts from the intrusion of selfishness, to check, in its origin, the growth of every thing sordid, to cultivate the holy charities of life, even if you are compelled to nurture them with your tears! But, above all, imitate those of your sex who were last at the cross, and the first at the sepulchre. Their devotion to their Master overpowered every other feeling: it sprung from the deep fountain of grateful, because sanctified hearts, communing with the unseen, in all the certainty of faith, and the blessed assurance of Christian hope. A charm was thus imparted that pervaded their whole conduct, exhibiting, in the beautiful simplicity of their lives, unaffected piety, noble fortitude, ceaseless benevolence.

These are the crowning glories of woman. How priceless, how peerless, because eternal treasures! To estimate them would be to measure the value of the soul. Our places must soon be filled by others: your destiny is yet before you—the exalted position of woman to influence her age. Bear the proud honor meekly but firmly, and like the golden flower that turns toward the sun, alike at his setting as his rising, you will ever reflect the image of your God.



#### Original.

#### PIETY IN AGE.

How beautiful is the aspect of piety in age! One picture of this sort, witnessed in my childhood, is still fresh in my memory—having been often recalled by some occasional similarity, and cherished by the aesthetic sense of delight which it afforded me. It was much the custom in the Church which I attended to hold the funeral services within the sanctuary. On these occasions, the congregation generally would assemble there; whilst more particular friends would call at the house of the deceased, and, following the bier in procession, accompany the mourners to the church. There was much solemnity and impression in this scene. The edifice was a purely Gothic structure, sombre, spacious, beautiful. And the officiating priest, who was a tall, fair, serious, and majestic man, appareled in his "white robe," preceded the corpse into the church, giving forth, as he entered, the words so philosophically beautiful: "Man, that is born of a woman, is of few days and full of

trouble;" "he grows up like the grass, and is cut down," &c. And then, in a voice of trust and consolation, adding, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me shall not perish, but shall save his soul alive." The voice of the clergyman was particularly fine, and its intonations of solemn feeling seemed communicated to every bosom—that numerous, low-breathing congregation were all hushed as in contemplative awe.

On the particular occasion which I would describe, the deceased was a very aged lady, much venerated for her lovely dispositions and her piety. Whilst her place had been amongst the highest in the land, a Christian lowliness, and a "preferring of others," had left to her only love, and never envy. She had buried all her children years before. Her aged companion still survived. They had for many years fallen into poverty and decay. But a youth, their grandson, worthy of the heritage of piety which had descended upon him, nobly sustained them in age, making a small salary suffice for the support of the three. It is quite usual in that country (New England) to bestow any little office, affording pecuniary recompense, upon such as, being worthy, most need it. And this aged gentleman, now about fourscore, had for many years officiated as clerk for the Church. On this day (and I can see him now) he preferred, as usual, to give out the hymn himself, the words of which were appropriate to the occasion. I remember, when he first arose, that his voice faltered and broke. He ceased for an instant, but as the sentiment of the song changed from lamentation to triumph, his voice became fervent and sustained—he raised his head and sung the whole hymn. Also, there was chanted to the organ, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." I can now see the whole scene. It was rather late of an autumn afternoon: the season was becoming cold, and the sun lay aslant on the grave-yard behind the church. The old gentleman's pew, near to a window, left him rather exposed to the air. I recollect his upturned, venerable face, whilst he sung, and his thin, silvery hairs floating on the breeze. He seemed lifted by faith above his sorrows; yet ever a slow tear—sad witness of humanity and love—coursed down his cheek.

Anon the services are closed—the bier is lifted to the church-yard—the coffin is lowered to its place—"dust to dust" is said, and the burial is over.

I was then a child of nine years; yet every thing here engaged my attention. The circumstance of this old couple's being cherished acquaintances of my parents, and also their having been my godparents, together with the natural reverence which children—if taught it—feel for death, all served to engage and fix my regards; and, young though I

was, yet it was "good for me to be there;" for there my young spirit was searched and solemnized—there did I behold "the beauty of holiness."

Three weeks from this date the church was again opened to receive a corpse. The same persons were assembled—the same services performed—only now the pious young grandson gave forth the hymns. The venerable clerk was no more. The bereaved had ceased to mourn—his probation was completed—he was called to his reward. And the services being closed, his body was consigned to the dust, and placed beside that of his well beloved companion.

C.



## Original.

## SCENERY ON THE ALPS.

## CHARACTER OF THE PIEDMONTESSE INHABITANTS.

THE beauty of Alpine scenery is, perhaps, unequalled any where in the world. The dizzy heights covered with perpetual snow—the deep, gloomy solitudes, and streams rolling and dashing over rocky precipices, till lost in the darkness of the abyss below, are beautifully intermingled and contrasted with green, luxuriant valleys, where tropical fruits and flowers attain perfection—the calmly sleeping lake, the music of whose waters falls on the ear of the passer by with all the richness and sweetness of nature's minstrelsy—the far distant white cottages of the peasants, and the shepherds quietly pasturing their flocks on the green sides of the mountains—conveying to the mind the idea of the perfection of earthly happiness. And at evening hour, as the sheep were led to the fold, and the feeble lambs borne on the arms of their keepers, I was forcibly reminded of the relation we sustain to the Savior, that great and good Shepherd, who leads his flocks by still waters, and refreshes them in green pastures, kindly bearing the weak and feeble ones on his bosom.

Especially around Lake Lucerne, and in the canton bearing that name, does this description apply. The distant towering mountains, the lofty overhanging rocks, and the richly filled valley and water scenery, strike the beholder with admiration. How grand! how beautiful! are exclamations often heard from the lips of the traveler. At those seasons of the year just before the periodic overflows, the music from the play of the waters is extremely soft and sweet. The German poet Schiller has noticed this in his Scenes from the Alps, where he pictures a shepherd boy as having gone to sleep on the grassy banks of the lake while listening to the cadences of the waters, when suddenly the lake overflowed, and bore him away.

"How deceiving the smile, so calm does it seem,  
The shepherd boy fears not to sleep on the green;  
There lists he to the sounds,

As music they rise,  
Like the voices of angels  
In Paradise.

But the voice of the waters, 'twas the syren's lay,  
To lull him to sleep, to steal him away.

Now it calls from the deep,  
'Dear youth, thou art mine,  
I allured thee to sleep,  
I've drawn thee in.'

To the lovers of bold and magnificent scenery, the Alps must hold an important place. And to these barriers of nature must be imputed, in some measure at least, the fearless boldness and spirit of independence among the inhabitants. I refer particularly to the mountain peasantry, who, amid all the changes around them, the ruin of empires and troubles of nations, maintain their piety, truth, and freedom, though often the innocent subjects of the unrelenting hand of Papist persecution, so that they have been compelled to take refuge "in the rocks, and dens, and caves of the earth." They are and ever have been characterized for their kindness, piety, and hospitality. A friend of mine, and a Protestant minister, who spent sometime among these inhabitants of the "far off mountains," said that he was regaled with the best their houses afforded; surprised by their intelligence, and cheered by their piety; that the inhabitants of the Piedmontese Alps, though most of them were poor, had among them colleges and academies, with well filled libraries for the pious student. They often spoke to him of their former sufferings, when

"Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled  
Mother with infant down the rocks—their moans  
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
To heaven!"

but that, amid all their privations, they were happy, because the Lord was with them; and a contented mind is a continual feast.

"What is't that thou dost see?

A peasant of the Alps:

Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,  
And spirit patient, pious, kind, and free:  
Thy days of health, and nights of sleep—thy hopes  
Of cheerful old age, and a quiet grave,  
Mayhap with garland over its green turf,  
And thy grand-children's love for epitaph:  
This do I see."

Their cottages are the abodes of peace and love; for where the true spirit of piety is, there must be the results in the outward man, as closely blended together as cause and effect. Though, in general, the government of Italy at the present day is not intolerant, yet these simple mountaineers labor under many restrictions which the Popish part of the community do not. At every step of our passage through these mountains, we are pointed, by the intelligent peasant, to this rock, or that height, or yonder precipice, where were slain, dashed down, or perished from the severe cold of these elevated

regions, some refugee Protestants, in years long gone-by. One will point you to this or that place, his dark Italian eyes filled with expression, as having been the scene of some tragic deed, which he relates with as much freshness and vigor as if it had just occurred under his own eyes, and not one, two, or three centuries ago. To them almost every rock speaks a volume. At one place they pointed to a pass in the mountains, where, after the order by the Duke at the Castello di Mendovi for the liberation of the captives taken in the persecution of 1686, through the inhuman conduct of the officers in charge of the order, one hundred and forty-six perished from fatigue; and still higher up the mountain, among the same number, eighty-six more were buried in a furious snow storm; and that merchants who crossed these mountains the following spring, saw the bodies stretched out on the still unthawed snow, many of whom were *mothers, clasping their children* in their arms, cold and still! "There," said one man, "my ancestors were dashed down that terrific steep;" "and yonder," said another, "fourscore infants perished from the snow, as their mothers and families fled from their homes, in the beautiful valley of Pregola, from the fury of the Popish emissaries." Volumes, in fact, might be written on the scenes that occurred in many of these lone places. The inhabitants love to dwell on these things, and point them out to their children, that they may feel the uncertainty of their earthly resting place, and look upward to that brighter, fairer clime, where are no more howling storms and bitter persecutions, but all is bright and fair. D.

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Original.

#### THE CRADLED INFANT.

COME hither! Hast thou an eye for beauty—for the works of human art? Hast thou not gazed long and with rapture at the sculptured stone—the painted canvass? It is well; for the genius that informs the lifeless matter is the rich gift of Divinity; but turn thou now to this cradled image—this breathing form—this thing of dawning life. Thou hast a contemplative eye—behold the miniature work of a mightier artist. Look at it earnestly! Nay, stoop not to kiss the bright cheek, lest thou break its slumbers—thou shouldst study it *thoughtfully—solemnly*. It is good the heart's dull soil should be stirred even as is the earth's, to admit the sunshine and the shower; and what a train of emotions shall the contemplation awake within thee!—thy tenderness for helplessness—thy love for the beautiful—thy fears for its fragility—thy pleasure in innocence—thine awe for the mysterious—thankfulness for the redeemed, and hope for the immortal. Yearns not thy heart already over it with a strange mixture of pity and delight?

Has it been laid to rest by one skillful to adjust its pillow? for its limbs are without strength, and it hath no power, even in waking, to tell its needs. Such is thine instinctive observance. And behold! is it not fair? What sculpture has fashioned aught of so exceeding loveliness? How exquisitely the rosy form is laid in its gentle repose! How like the fold of a flower is the position of the rounded limbs, with their soft, waxen polish! What pencil hath wrought a hue like the pale rose tint of its cheek, or the soft brown of the clustering curls, which the sunbeam, stealing through its curtains, has just touched into gold? What odor, even of the rose, is like the freshness of the breath that stirs the fair bosom with a motion like that of the leaf just lifted by the unseen air! Yet tremble as thou gazest! Its beauty is as the morning dew and the early flower. It is by the pillow of infancy that the spoiler lurks in most frequent ambush. To-morrow the loveliness thou lookest on may have been touched with decay. Yet turn not sadly away: it hath a deeper and holier charm than beauty. Innocence is written on every lineament as with a pencil. In the clear glance of that blue eye, which is now half opening to the light—in the wakening and trustful smile with which it now meets thy gaze, there is no guile—no shadow of impure thought. Yet let thy delight be tempered still; for the morning passes, and the noonday shall arrive, whose dusty paths shall sully that purity. Thou gazest on that which shrines all the elements of the good and evil of a *human* nature. Within that infant being are sealed the high prerogatives, the lofty attributes, the dark passions, the mighty impulses, the secret springs of human mind and action. Behold the *chief mystery* of creative Power with reverence! And gaze still on; for deepening thought is yet in the study. In that scarce conscious clay thou seest an heir of sin's mournful heritage—the dark bondage of death; but joy—joy for the redeemed! The ransom has been paid! the bonds canceled! In the soft depths of that earnest eye thou seest the first beamings of a spirit whose birthright is immortality. Shall it be cast away? O blossom of life! O beautiful and smiling babe! who can look at thee without hope? hope extending through the boundless ages of eternity. Kneel by that cradle, believing Christian!—'tis a holy altar—and make that hope strong in the prevailing might of prayer.

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It is a poor business to attend to the accumulation of a fortune for our children, and neglect their education. It is as if a man would gather straws, and scatter precious stones. Let parents but cultivate the minds and morals of their children, and in a majority of cases they will reap a hundred fold.

Original.

MRS. SARAH GRIFFITH.

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BY REV. J. F. WRIGHT.  
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THE Scriptures furnish us abundant consolation in relation to the happy state of all who have died in the triumphs of faith. Their death is declared to be "precious in the sight of the Lord;" and we are assured "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." We behold in them the trophies of Divine mercy; and from their recorded lives and experience survivors may derive much encouragement and comfort in the enterprise of salvation. With a view to magnify the grace of God, and promote the best interests of souls, I introduce to the reader a brief notice of that excellent woman, whose name stands at the head of this article.

Mrs. GRIFFITH was a native of Montgomery county, Md., and was born May 12, 1783. Her pious parents, Joshua and Jemima Pigman, were among the first fruits of Methodism in that region of country. They were brought into the Church, and religiously trained, under the efficient labors of Asbury, Whatecoat, and others, of precious memory, who lived and served the Church at that early period. They continued, through the whole of life, zealous members and unwavering friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Sarah, though their *only daughter*, was not, on that account, as is too frequently the case, a spoiled child; but she was raised "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." From childhood, her disposition was of the most sweet and amiable character. At a very early period, it appears, she achieved a noble conquest over herself, and, according to Solomon, was a greater victor "than he that taketh a city." She always appeared able to rule her own spirit. Her evenness of disposition was considered extraordinary, and her serene and calm state of mind resembled the smooth lake in summer, when not a breeze of wind passes over its surface.

Mrs. Griffith was early impressed with the necessity of experimental religion, but never found the pearl of great price until she was in her seventeenth year. She was then powerfully converted, and brought to a knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins, through the instrumentality of the Rev. Wilson Lee, a minister of great piety and usefulness in his day. There was, also, a Miss Matilda Crow, who died last November, in Trimble county, Ky., awakened at the same meeting with Miss Pigman. They both approached the mourners' bench together, and after being constantly associated in seeking religion for several weeks, they both found pardon, and realized joy and peace in believing, at the same meeting, and within a very

short time of each other. Hence, in the circle of their acquaintance, they were for a long time familiarly called the "*twin sisters*." When Mrs. Griffith heard of the death of Miss C., she was exceeding joyful, even to raptures, and remarked it would not be long until she would be with her in heaven. Miss C., whose death occurred about six months previous, was, no doubt, of the company of special friends who stood ready to welcome Mrs. G. to the heavenly inheritance. O, what a happy meeting must they have realized in their home above!

In 1803, Miss Pigman was married to Mr. Walter Griffith, a native of the same county with herself, in Maryland. In 1804, Mr. G. and wife, with Mr. Pigman and family, removed to the Green river region, in Kentucky. Not being pleased with this location, they removed to Clermont county, Ohio, where the parents of Mrs. Griffith ended their course in joy and triumph.

Mr. Griffith was a pious young man at the time of his marriage; and after a few years he became thoroughly convinced that he was called to take upon him the office of the ministry in the Church of Christ. He commenced this work as a local preacher, in 1807. In the fall of 1811, he was admitted into the itinerant connection, and appointed to labor on Lawrenceburg circuit, *In.* He continued his labors on the various circuits assigned him until the fall of 1819, when he was appointed presiding elder of what was then called the Miami district, including Cincinnati and a large tract of the surrounding country. During the two years he served on the district, his health failed, and at the conference in September, 1821, he received a superannuated relation, and gradually declining, died on the 27th of June, 1822. In all these labors he was accompanied by his beloved and faithful Sarah. In being the wife of a Methodist *itinerant* preacher in the western country, at that early day, she was, no doubt, subject to many inconveniences and privations. She, however, not only bore them all with untiring patience and fortitude, but greatly strengthened the hands of her husband, and encouraged his heart in this laborious work. She seems to have been exactly adapted to be, and in every way qualified for the wife of an itinerant minister of the Gospel; and I have no doubt but she was eminently useful in this responsible relation. I have heard many speak of her, in the various fields of labor to which they were appointed, with more than usual respect and esteem, and, indeed, it may be said of her, in a certain sense, her "praise was in all the Churches." Wherever she went her "meek and quiet spirit," and other features of her holy example, seemed to spread a hallowed influence on all around. The irreligious were restrained in her presence, superficial professors sensibly felt their defects, and the truly devout were encouraged

and confirmed in their course of piety. She exhibited, in her daily walk and conversation, unequivocal proofs of an elevated state of grace, and all she had intercourse with "took knowledge of her that she had been with Jesus," and that she reflected his glory and image. She pursued an even, steady course, being strong in faith, fervent in spirit, and always serving the Lord. Thus did she seem to maintain constant communion with God. Such was her *uniform* piety, that her life was very often compared to an "even spun thread." She was always cheerful, without being volatile, and maintained genuine Christian gravity without being sad.

Mrs. Griffith lived to see her parents, two brothers, and her husband, deposited in the grave, and often rejoiced in the prospect of meeting her dear relatives as well as other friends in heaven.

In July, 1843, she was attacked with the then prevailing epidemic, influenza. This disease fastening on her lungs, resulted in a confirmed consumption. For nearly twenty-three months she lingered and suffered under this wasting malady, but endured it all with the most perfect resignation. She found that religion, which had sustained her in life, sufficient to comfort her, and even cause her to rejoice in affliction and the near prospect of death. Her patience never failed her; nor did any thing like a murmur escape her lips. During the tedious season of her long illness, it was fully ascertained she could *suffer* as well as *do* the will of God. She neither despised the chastening of the Lord, nor fainted when rebuked of him. To her niece, Mrs. M., she said, "I have been endeavoring, in my weak way, to *do* the will of the Lord for forty-four years, and now I hope I shall be able to *suffer* all his will." In her suffering she would frequently say, "I enjoy sweet peace," and often repeat the words of the Psalmist, in praise to God, "Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name."

Having a great desire to see her before she died, I attended a quarterly meeting in her neighborhood, and had the mournful satisfaction to look upon her emaciated countenance in February last. I then heard from her lips many expressions setting forth the strong faith, the unshaken confidence, the undaunted courage, with which she seemed ready to meet death in triumph. Her expressions of sensible enjoyment were equally satisfactory. Religion appeared to be, in her, as an unwasting spring of consolation, which continually refreshed her soul with its pure streams. Her peace was as the running of a river, and her righteousness as the waves of the sea. The design of my visit was to comfort her; but I confess that in the sources of comfort I at least equally shared. It was an interview I can never forget—a season of inexpressible

joy. During our conversation, I asked her if she recollects any special incident in her life that she could relate to me. After a little pause, in which it was obvious she was retrospecting the past, and examining the pathway along which she had been conducted, she replied, "I do not know that I can recollect any *special* incident other than that goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." When we prayed with and for her, she appeared exceedingly happy, and rejoiced with a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

The next day, Monday, 24th of February, the presiding elder, and preacher in charge, and myself, visited her sick-room, and administered to her, and a few other friends, the sacrament of the Lord's supper. It was an hour of special grace, a season of great mercy, never to be forgotten by those present. She seemed to be quite on the verge of heaven. I saw her no more.

The disease continued to advance toward its fatal termination. During the last five or six weeks of her life, she was almost daily expecting the messenger to come and release her from suffering, and take her home to rest. At one time she said to her friend, Judge Larkin, "I have been taking a walk through the valley of the shadow of death, and I find no terrors there." At another time she said, "I have often thought of the silent grave as a desirable and pleasant place of retreat." A very intimate friend of hers remarked, her approach to death reminded her of a person who had been a long time absent from her family and friends, and on her return was just getting in sight of "HOME." Her soul was often elated with joy and gladness at the prospect, and she would exclaim in raptures, "I am almost home! I am almost home!" The night she died, when asked by Mrs. F. if she felt all was well, she replied, in the fullest assurance of faith, "O, yes, all is well! all is well!" Nearly the last words she was heard to utter, were, "I am going home." Her triumphant exit occurred on the night of the 26th of May, 1845.



#### Original.

GENIUS FOR MECHANICS.  
THE English assert that there is no intellect in America, do they? but only, say they, "a genius for mechanics." Looking fairly, however, at this statement, one would believe that these two were convertible terms; for that which is effected by the most complex inferences and deductions, often engrossing a variety of sciences in its elaboration, should be originally of *mind*, and should claim some consideration of *thought*. At all events, we think there is no great *ratiocination* in their view of the subject.

## Original.

## PRAYER OF THE PROPHET HABAKKUK.

BY BENJAMIN T. CUSHING.

THE fiery coursers of the day had fled  
From bright Judea; twilight, too, was gone,  
And queenly Night had long her curtains hung  
Around the vaulted chambers of the sky.  
Darkness obscured the valleys, and the hills  
Frowned like huge giants through the azure haze,  
Their crests but half revealed by quivering beams  
Sent from the golden stars. Moon there was none—  
The winds were whist—no fitful breathing stirred  
The leaves of Olivet, and Kedron's stream  
Flowed, with its silvery ripples, murmuring by,  
Like some sweet voice which innocence might hear  
In airy visions, born of balmy sleep—  
And hearing, dream of heaven.

Habakkuk rose,  
From slumbers snatched beneath the temple's roof,  
And looked abroad o'er proud Jerusalem.  
In glorious pomp, beneath, the city lay,  
Bedecked with gardens, towers, and princely streets,  
Domes, lofty gates, and walls impregnable;  
Dimly revealed through the pale, tremulous light,  
Yet more majestic in their silent state,  
Than when the noon bade radiant roof and spire  
Mirror his nine-fold splendor!

But, alas!  
The pride the patriot feels touched not his soul  
While gazing on the city of the Lord.  
In his deep dreams the voice of God had come,  
Portending judgments dire to Judah's sons;  
And well the prophet knew the sword of fate  
Hung by a thread above them, soon to fall.  
His heart was filled with anguish as he saw  
The shadowy future rise thus full of woe;  
Yet, trusting in the arm whose might so oft  
Had drawn His people from the purging flame,  
With skillful hand the ten-stringed harp he seized,  
And shaking from his brow the locks of age,  
While his dark, piercing eye assumed the glow  
Of lofty inspiration—looking up  
Deep in the starry night, with prelude high,  
His song of adoration thus he poured:

"Thy words of wrath, O Lord,  
With anxious fear I heard—  
Amid these adverse years thy work revive!  
That goodness all thine own  
Make known, my King, make known—  
In wrath let mercy live.  
From Teman, clothed in majesty, came God—  
The holy One from Paran's mountain came—  
His glory filled the heavens, and where he trod  
The pillared earth re-echoed back his name:  
His brightness was the light of orient flame;  
Within his mighty hand he bore

Proud emblems of resistless power,  
And pestilence and fire stalked on before!

"He stood and measured earth—his eye beheld  
And drove asunder nations; and the proud  
Perpetual mountains, throned in hoary eld,  
At the bright splendor of his presence bowed;  
The hills were scattered like a summer cloud;  
The tents of Cushan felt his gaze;  
The Midian shook in dread amaze;  
For everlasting are his wondrous ways!

"Against the rivers burned Jehovah's wrath!  
Was thy hot anger fierce against the flood,  
Or the broad sea, that o'er them, in their path,  
Thy steeds and chariots of salvation rode?  
No—leaving for our sakes thine high abode,  
Naked, according to thy vow,  
Naked appeared thine awful bow,  
Fateful with dire destruction to the foe!

"The mountains looked, and trembled as they saw;  
New rivers foamed amid the cloven land;  
The overflowing waves forgot their law;  
The deep raised up his wondering voice and hand;  
The sun and moon in heaven's high courts did  
stand:  
Obedient to the great intent,  
At thine arrows' light they went,  
By gleams of thy glittering spear were sent!

"In indignation went'st thou through the coast—  
Beneath thy frown the heathen fell, O God!  
For the salvation of thy chosen host,  
The mightiest of their nation felt thy rod;  
They came as comes the whirlwind on the wood,  
Rejoicing in our overthrow;  
But thou, with radiant brow,  
Upon thy steeds through the heaped waves didst go!  
"The wasting judgments, trembling, have I heard,  
Which thou hast breathed 'gainst Zion's holy  
ground;  
My limbs relaxed with faintness at each word;  
My pale lips quivered at the fearful sound:  
O that for me a place of rest were found,  
Where I in peaceful trance might stay,  
When, in that dark and troublous day,  
The Lord shall scourge his people's sins away!

"But though the fig-tree gives no more its bloom;  
Though fruit, nor vines, nor leafy olives yield;  
Though to the folds no more the flocks shall come,  
And life deserts the drear and silent field;  
Yet will I joy in God, my rock, my shield—  
On him in rapture will I call—  
He is my strength, my Lord, my all—  
If he direct my feet I cannot fall!"

I AM a mystery to myself—to all,  
Save to my God.

## Original.

## THY WILL BE DONE.

THE balmy breath of spring was on the gale;  
 Her lovely robe of verdant lawn had hid  
 The nakedness of earth. Her blooming face  
 Shone bright with sweetest, most enchanting smiles,  
 And all her mood was joy and playfulness.  
 Her flutt'ring songsters poured rich melody  
 Upon the list'ning breeze, whilst all around  
 Seemed silence-bound, as fearful to destroy  
 The spell by which all nature was entranced.  
 Her beauteous flowers their spreading sweets ex-  
 haled,  
 And with the richest fragrance filled the air,  
 In nature's wild luxuriance scattered o'er  
 The sleeping landscape; while the rippling stream  
 Murmured along its pebbly bed between  
 Its verdant banks, where, 'neath the grateful  
 shade,  
 The quiet herd repos'd. The deep blue sky,  
 Unsullied by a cloud, reflected back  
 The full-tide radiance of a noonday sun.  
 All nature seemed at rest, and silence deep,  
 Unbroken reigned, save by the music soft  
 Of birds, with low and gently whispering notes  
 Of light-winged Zephyr sporting midst the leaves.  
 Not long this lovely scene around us glowed.  
 Dark, low'ring clouds the west horizon broke:  
 In slow and solemn majesty they scaled  
 The zenith heights, and thence unfolded wide  
 Their black habiliments, till heaven's blue arch  
 Was clothed in deepest gloom. The thunder rolled  
 His rattling car along the sky, and shook  
 Earth's deep foundations, till the trembling globe  
 Recoiled with terror from the fearful shock:  
 The flashing bolts of vengeance were unchained,  
 And rent the dark expanse in streams of fire:  
 The roaring winds in desolation swept  
 The plain, alike overturning in their wrath  
 The sturdy forest king and lofty dome,  
 Which man had vainly reared to brave the storm.  
 Again the scene was changed: the darkness fled:  
 The wild sublimity had vanished thence:  
 The gentle pattering rain had chilled the air:  
 The dampened earth, the sullen, gloomy sky,  
 And bleak north wind, had driven man within.  
 The sylvan songsters, too, had ceased their notes  
 Of melody, and from each twig and limb  
 Retiring to their nests, in silence watched  
 The gloomy scene. The shiv'ring herd in groups  
 Close crowded, sought to shield them from the  
 blast,  
 And all around seemed cheerless to the eye.  
 Amid these changes on the lower earth,  
 Above the atmosphere of cloud and storm  
 The sun's unsullied beams, with varied hues,  
 Still tinge the fleecy clouds, and shed around

Their quick'ning influence, even to the bounds  
 Where Herschell in his distant orbit moves,  
 Pouring the fullness of the glorious day  
 Upon the earth and her fair sisterhood  
 Of planets unobsured by shades of night,  
 Whilst noontide glory fills the broad expanse,  
 And other suns and systems, spread throughout  
 The universe, for ever meet the eye.

Thus while below our wearied minds are tossed  
 From pain to pleasure, and from scenes of bliss  
 To scenes of sorrow—when the morning sun  
 Rising in glory, sinks again at even  
 Behind a cloud—when friends our pathway bless,  
 And th' heart with gladness leaps—or broken now,  
 Its fountains deep pour forth their copious streams  
 Of sympathy or grief, or musing sad  
 Broods o'er the memory of departed joys,  
 Could we but cast aside the vail that hides  
 The noontide glories of that brighter world,  
 "Where in perennial beauty ever shine"  
 The radiant band of blood-washed saints, no more  
 The petty cares of earth, its joys, its griefs,  
 Its greatness, or the terror of its frown,  
 Its borrowed grandeur, or deceitful smiles,  
 Its light afflictions, which but work for us  
 A more exceeding weight of glory there—  
 All these no more should swerve our minds from  
 God,  
 Or lose our giddy feet among the paths  
 Of sin. No more our chastened hearts would pine  
 Against the dispensations of his will,  
 But trusting in his grace, our all resign  
 Into his hands, and with our Master say,  
 Thy will, O Lord, thy will, not mine, be done!

E. C. M.



## Original.

## THE GRAVE OF GENIUS.

I stood by the grave of one whose name,  
 Though early called, had been linked with fame;  
 And I wept that the gifted had thus gone down  
 To the cold, dark dust in his young renown.

But I read from the record a pale stone kept,  
 Which marked the place where those ashes slept,  
 That in triumph he shouted, with parting breath,  
 His name who is mightier far than death.

And I said, as I turned in trust away  
 From the narrow house-of the sleeping clay,  
 What boon had he won from a length of years  
 Like the faith thus lighting the *vale of fears*.

He *hath lived*, and won a full birth-right share  
 In a glorious heritage ever fair,  
 And the Judge of nations hath writ his name  
 On a brighter leaf than the scroll of fame.

E.

## NOTICES.

**THE AMERICAN PULPIT** is a monthly, edited and published by Rev. Richard G. Rust, A. M., Boston. The first two numbers have been received, and have greatly delighted us. No. 1 contains two sermons, viz., Christ, not Self, the Object of Preaching, by Professor Holdich, and The Spoiling Influence of Human Philosophy, by Rev. Baron Stow. No. 2 contains Lukewarmness, by E. Beecher, D. D., The Object of Christ's Incarnation, by Charles Adams, and Sketch of a Funeral Sermon. The object of the publication is not to please or amuse, not to discuss critical questions, or novel doctrines, not to furnish food for the theologian, or showy models of pulpit discourse, but to urge the sinner to the cross, to stimulate the Church to increased action, and to promote enlarged views and liberal feelings. For this purpose it is to present, from month to month, sermons of living divines, of different evangelical denominations, enforcing the vital truths of Christianity. We perceive that the following distinguished clergymen, among others, are engaged to contribute to its pages: Stephen Olin, D. D., Professor Holdich, George Peck, D. D., A. Stevens, President Nott, S. H. Cox., D. D., S. Osgood, D. D.

**HARPER'S ILLUMINATED AND NEW PICTORIAL BIBLE.** *Numbers XXX, XXXI, and XXXII.*—This, which will probably be completed before the close of the year, when well bound, will constitute a most superb copy of the holy Scriptures. It would be a rich New Year or Christmas present from the father to the son, and we hope it will go far to revive that good old custom of presenting the child with a copy of the word of life, when he leaves his father's altar to erect one for himself.

**BARNES' NOTES ON THESSALONIANS, TIMOTHY, TRITUS, AND PHILEMON.** *Harper & Brothers.*—This volume appears equal to any of the preceding ones by the same author, and, notwithstanding our numerous commentaries, may perform an important part in the diffusion of evangelical truth. Mr. B. is a clear and beautiful writer, of great learning and industry. He is, however, strongly Calvinistic.

**ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY.** *Numbers V and VI. Harper & Brothers.*—This is one of the most useful books which the fruitful press of the Harpers has furnished this season. It should be in the hands of every man.

**DICTIONARY OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE.** *Number IX.*

**METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW,** *July, 1845.*—This number contains many excellent articles, well sustaining the high character of the work. The editor, in an able article on Brownson's Quarterly Review, pays the following richly merited compliment to our friend, Dr. Elliott: "We will, however, just hint to our extremely modest antagonist, that we have a living author, who has produced a work which has been republished in England, and has been pronounced by some of the best scholars of the age one of the most learned and conclusive productions in the English language."

**BIBLICAL REPOSITORY AND CLASSICAL REVIEW,** *July, 1845.*—This is a good number of a good work. Though strongly Calvinistic in sentiment, it is catholic in spirit, and its articles are generally written with spirit and strength.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

**THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE**, notwithstanding the vigorous and persevering efforts of its friends, appears to be declining. When it was first presented to the American people, it attracted the attention and support of the wise, pious, and influential. Its advocates were clergymen, lawyers, physicians, merchants, and the more worthy mechanics and agriculturalists. Though assailed by ridicule and gross abuse, its progress was, in the upper walks of life, steady and rapid; but when it sought to extend the pledge to the lower walks, it found itself irresistibly impeded. Its pledge required abstinence only from alcoholic liquors. To sign it, therefore, required no self-denial on the part of the rich, who could purchase wine; but demanded a sacrifice of all artificial stimulus on the part of the poor. The friends of temperance, therefore, found that, to widen their sphere of influence, they must broaden the platform of their pledge. But this gave rise to a violent opposition, which called forth arguments in defense of total abstinence. It is to be feared that many good men, in advocating this principle, fell into several errors. Thus, it was maintained that the use of wine, in any quantity, and on any occasion, is sinful. To establish this position rules of exegesis were resorted to, by which a man might make the Bible teach almost any thing. Again, it was asserted that Christianity is progressive, and that, in its incipiency, it was liable to many mistakes, which it was reserved for modern philosophy to dissipate—a statement little short of blasphemy. False principles are generally followed by erroneous practices. Thus it was in temperance. Wine was rudely banished from the sick-room, and a weak mixture was substituted for it at the sacrament.

This ultraism produced a reaction which well nigh resulted in a total discomfiture of the cause. We are friends to total abstinence; but we place it upon the broad ground of the apostle, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth." It is wrong to put an occasion of stumbling in a brother's way. Every day's experience strengthens the conviction that the cause can never be carried to a successful issue without a total abandonment of the malt and vinous liquors.

The cause did not recover from the shock which ultraism occasioned, until the Washingtonians arose. These men gave it a new and irresistible impulse; but they introduced several "reforms," which, in our humble opinion, impaired their influence, such as dispensing with addresses to the throne of grace at the commencement and close of their public meetings—excluding clergymen and other pious persons from the offices of their societies—introducing in their addresses a coarseness, not to say vulgarity, of illustration offensive to a refined auditory. The consequence was, that they who were originally the chief pillars of the cause retired from public view. Their own efforts having been unsuccessful, and those of the Washingtonians so remarkably energetic and effective, they seemed to think that Providence had taken the work entirely out of their hands. We are now convinced that they were in error—their withdrawal has been seriously felt—their counsels, their prayers, and their influence were needed to give respectability and stability to the society, and direction to its movements. Many of the Washingtonians have, as might have been expected, fallen from their steadfast-

ness, the movements of others have been characterized by rashness and inconsistency, and, instead of acquiring increasing influence and energy with each succeeding week, they are rather declining in their zeal, and efforts, and success. We do not know that our remarks are applicable to Cincinnati. We are not inclined to present things in their worst light; but we believe the statistics of the city prove an increase of intemperance within our limits. We have just returned from an excursion through the state, in which we witnessed more intemperance than we ever saw before in the same length of time on the same route. No sooner had we seated ourselves in the car than a drunkard stumbled into the seat behind us, and commenced an offensive conversation with an elderly lady, who, however, replied very appropriately, and with sufficient severity to cause his retirement after some minutes. Those who have traveled to Columbus via Xenia, know that, opposite Deerfield, the passengers sit on an old log, waiting for the stage, sunning themselves like so many tortoises. While in this situation, one of our company, pretty well intoxicated, manifested a great anxiety to get across the river. When asked his reason, he replied that he wanted "wood." As soon as the driver conveyed us across the river, out our friend got, and, we have reason to believe, fulfilled his intention. We had not proceeded far before we took in five or six foreigners, all pleasantly inspired. Arriving at Mt. Holley, and finding the bars empty, they went to a store, purchased a quart of whisky, and drank it at the public pump. Their lips did not breathe divine odors, nor was their conversation altogether heavenly.

There was but one individual in the company besides myself who did not put the bottle to his lips; and he excused himself by saying that he expected to reach home that night, and did not wish his parents to see him intoxicated.

On my leaving C., I found that the driver had a stone jug of whisky under his seat. There was another stage in company, the driver of which stopped occasionally to enjoy with his fellow the precious jug. Both seemed pretty well intoxicated, particularly he of the forward stage, who could not, when we left him, stand erect. Fortunately, he had no passengers. Although I have traveled perhaps ten thousand miles, such scenes were rather novel to me. Nor was it merely on the road, but around the taverns, that intemperance stared us in the face. Something more must be done. Let all who love the cause bestir themselves. Let those who have abandoned the society, hoping the Washingtonians would accomplish its designs, return to their aid. Above all, let mothers and daughters come to the rescue.

**FEMALE SEMINARIES.**—Few signs of the times are more encouraging than the multiplication of these institutions. Ohio is provided with many, and our own denomination has her share of them. Nevertheless, much more must be done in this department before any Church shall have fully acquitted herself. We congratulate the state on what has been accomplished. With several of her institutions for young ladies we have some personal knowledge; and as their academic year has just closed, we give a brief notice of them, passing by the Methodist Female Collegiate Institute, which we noticed in our last number.

The *Oakland Female Seminary* is located at Hillsborough, a beautiful and healthy village, on the road from Chillicothe to this city. It was organized in 1839,

and incorporated in 1843. Its progress has been uninterrupted, and during the last year its pupils numbered one hundred and thirty-four—more than in any previous year. The teachers are—

Rev. Joseph M'D. Matthews, Principal. Mr. L. M'Kibben, Teacher of Mathematics and Natural Sciences. Mrs. Esther C. Brownson, Teacher of Moral and Mental Science, &c. Miss Emilie L. Grand Girard, Teacher of French, &c. Mrs. C. M'Reynolds, Teacher of Music on the Piano Forte. Miss H. T. B. Thompson, Principal of the Primary Department. Mrs. S. S. Parkins and Miss S. C. H. M'Millen, Assistants.

The Principal has long been known throughout the state as a gentleman, a scholar, and a minister of the Gospel. He accommodates twenty pupils as boarders under his own roof, and gives, we learn, his undivided attention to the welfare of those committed to his care. We are pleased to find "that all young ladies, while pupils of the Seminary, are prohibited from wearing kid slippers, and other thin shoes, all descriptions of jewelry, silk dresses, and other costly articles of clothing." This arrangement will prove salutary, both to the body and the soul. The young ladies are not allowed to receive the attention of young gentlemen—to pay visits unattended—to absent themselves at night—to attend parties, or read novels. They are required to rise, retire, study, and exercise at regular hours—to spend their leisure time in useful reading, and to attend Sabbath School and preaching on the Lord's day. These are wholesome regulations, and, so long as they are observed, will secure for the institution the public favor. It is simply because Catholic seminaries enforce such regulations that they attract the esteem and patronage even of Protestants. Parents are more willing that their children should run the risk of imbibing heresy, than that they should fall into *society* and habits which they cannot approve. We know of no female institution which has eschewed such regulations as those above without failure.

The course of study does not, as we learn, include the languages, though arrangements are made to accommodate such as wish to pursue either Latin, French, or Greek.

Terms of tuition in the Primary Department, in advance, \$7 per session. Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, Spelling, Reading, and Writing, \$12. For higher studies, \$15. The usual extra charges for Drawing, Music, Languages, &c.

The Seminary is furnished with the usual apparatus, maps, charts, &c., besides a library and museum.

The *Worthington Female Seminary* is well deserving public confidence. The building is very commodious, substantial, and well arranged. It is eighty-five feet by fifty, four stories high, including basement. It is beautifully located on a five acre lot. The basement contains the kitchen, dining hall, &c. The next story contains, besides the principal school-rooms, the reception-room, and parlor. The third story is occupied with music-rooms and dormitories. The fourth has, besides dormitories, an apartment for a cabinet, and another for an apparatus. There is about this building an air of neatness, outside and inside, which we rarely see. The floors and walls are of virgin white, the desks, seats, and other furniture, are unsold, and every thing shows that order and cleanliness are taught within its quiet walls. The young ladies appeared quite cheerful and healthy, though I have understood that they have had rather

more sickness than usual this season. The halls are large and well lighted, and the apartments are warmed by furnaces. Whether this is the best plan or not, is, perhaps, difficult to determine. Different persons possess the power of generating heat in different degrees: hence, it is difficult to create a temperature that shall be equally comfortable for many. I am told that the dormitories are made sufficiently warm, and that complaints are scarce ever brought against their temperature.

The teachers consist of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, two young ladies, and a music teacher. Mr. and Mrs. N. have long been our intimate friends, and were our colleagues for several years, whilst we had charge of the Norwalk Seminary. Mr. N. is a most amiable, pious, and useful minister of the Gospel, a man of great patience and perseverance, a good scholar, and a skillful, faithful teacher. In the department of mathematics he excels. Mrs. N. is well adapted both to instruct and govern young ladies. She is a good teacher in almost any department; but in the languages she is peculiarly skillful. I know of no lady better qualified to teach the Latin, French, Italian, or Spanish languages. There are, at present, in the institution, classes in Latin Reader, Sallust, Bourdon's Algebra, Day's Algebra, Davies' Geometry, French, and Italian. The number of pupils in the institution is seventy. Music is taught by a young gentleman formerly a pupil of the Ohio Blind Asylum.

Adequate attention is paid to the morals and religious instruction of the pupils. Besides the regular services at the chapel, the young ladies are expected to attend Sabbath school, and such as are members of the Church have prayer and class meetings in the Seminary. I am happy to learn that about two-thirds of the pupils are professors of religion. Where is there any institution for the other sex in which there is so large a proportion of religious youth?

*The Canton Female Seminary* has been prosperous ever since it was called into existence, and, we believe, has never changed its principal instructors. The last annual Catalogue shows, that the whole number of pupils in attendance during the year 1845, is one hundred and forty-two. Canton is a quiet, pleasant, and accessible village, and the Seminary stands upon an elevated spot within its precincts, commanding a beautiful prospect, and fresh and balmy breezes. Its grounds, though not extensive, are sufficiently so to invite to healthful recreation and amusement. The board of instruction is as follows:

Principals, Rev. J. M. Goshorn, Mrs. L. Goshorn. Assistants, Miss Canfield, Miss O'Flyng. Teacher of Instrumental Music, Miss Annabella M'Reynolds. Mr. G. Field, Teacher of the French and German Languages.

The course of instruction is as extensive as usual, embracing Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, Natural Theology, Evidences of Christianity, &c. Young ladies who do not reside in the village, are under the special supervision of the Principal, in whose family they are expected to board.

The terms are, for board and pupilage, \$25 per quarter. Extra charges are made for Music, Drawing, and Painting, Ancient or Modern Languages, &c.

We are happy to learn that "encouragement and assistance are afforded to those whose circumstances demand a rigid economy." Of all pupils, surely these most need and deserve encouragement. Lectures are

given by the Principal and other scientific gentlemen, on subjects directly or collaterally related to the course. Attendance on public worship is required of all the students. We heartily wish our highly esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Goshorn, great success in their enterprise. They have labored long and faithfully in the cause of female education, and deserve a rich reward. We fear that Mrs. G., if she do not moderate her zeal, will be a martyr.

*Norwalk Seminary*.—During the past year, there have been in this institution one hundred and ninety-four young gentlemen, and one hundred and seven young ladies. It is evidently very prosperous under the management of our amiable friend and late excellent colleague, the Rev. H. Dwight, and Mrs. L. Pierce, the accomplished preceptress of the female department. The assistant teachers are, in the male department, Mr. A. C. Heustis, A. M., Teacher of Natural Sciences, and Mr. James Evers, Teacher of Mathematics; and in the female department, Miss C. Dwight, and Miss A. P. Pelton. The course of study is thorough for an institution of this grade. The tuition fees are low—from three to five dollars per quarter, exclusive of ornamental branches. Drawing, Painting, making Wax Flowers, &c., are taught in the female department. The first quarter of next year is expected to commence on the 21st of August. Board can be had at from \$1.25 to \$2 per week. Many take rooms, either in the Seminary or elsewhere, and board themselves—in this way saving two-thirds of the ordinary expenses of board. The institution has a good location, sufficient apparatus, &c. We devoutly hope that it may soon be freed from debts, and all embarrassment, and, under the wise counsels and faithful and scientific labors of its present officers and teachers, pursue a long career of uninterrupted prosperity and usefulness.

*CEMETERIES*.—The subject of burying the dead in cities is attracting attention. The following points, perhaps, may be considered settled:

1. Decaying animal or vegetable matter has a tendency to excite putrefaction in that which is living, when brought in contact with it. Hence, if we wish to preserve the latter, we separate it from the former.

2. The atmosphere of the grave-yard differs from that of other places, both chemically and sensibly. Is it not reasonable to suppose that any changes in the chemical qualities of the vital air, or offensive alterations in its sensible properties, must be pernicious to health?

3. The usages of the most civilized ancient nations evince their conviction of the necessity of removing the dead from the living. Sepulture was deemed of indispensable importance. The practice of burning the dead prevailed extensively among the Greeks, Romans, and other ancient nations, and even now prevails in India and other parts of the east. The mummy chambers of Egypt were often sixty feet beneath the surface, and generally in hills two hundred feet above the valley of the Nile. When Egyptians buried in the sand, the pits were fifty or sixty feet deep. Were not these precautions dictated by experience and wisdom?

4. The atmosphere of dissecting-rooms is known to be unhealthy, and wounds inflicted by dissecting knives are more troublesome and dangerous than others.

5. Direct experiments with the atmosphere of the grave prove it to be deleterious to the lower animals.

6. Disease has often originated, and frequently has

been fostered and increased by the exhalations of the grave-yard.

Z. Chadwick's report to parliament shows conclusively, that very deleterious effects have resulted from interments in London. Where should cemeteries be? Is it not certain that they should *not* be in Cincinnati? Frequent and superficial interments within the limits of a city of narrow streets, and scorching sun, and crowded population! O, horrible! Is not the idea shocking to a feeling and sensible man? Are not the probable consequences appalling?

Our cemeteries, however, *may* be made a means of health, instead of disease. Let the corporation purchase them, and after the dead are removed, ornament them with trees and shrubbery, and keep them as places of innocent recreation and amusement, and reservoirs of pure air. If it be not thought expedient to disinter, let interments within the corporation limits cease, and the grave-yards be surrounded with ornamental fences.

But the decay of animal matter in slaughter-houses and candle-factories, is to be dreaded as well as the putrefaction of the grave. Portions of our city are becoming excessively offensive from this source. Shall we ever renew the scenes of Paris, in the time of Napoleon, when such nuisances were removed at a woful expense of human health and life?

#### MESMERISM, ETC.

*Mt. Vernon, June 21, 1845.*

Dear Doctor,—It affords me high gratification to see the "Repository" all we have a right to look for in such a work; yet, I must add, not more than I *did* look for on the appointment of its present editor. Each number has been excellent, and the "last is (I do think) the best." I have looked through it pretty carefully, and have read several pieces. Brownson's Address is clear, and full of good sense well expressed. Mrs. Dumont is a stately and elegant writer. I have not read M'Cabe. The "Forest" is beautiful; but I have lost my relish for the muses to such a degree that I have little confidence in my judgment in the poetic department. "Farewell to my Brother" is touching.

I had a hearty laugh at the way you skin Miss Martineau in the May number. I confess, however, that the delight I felt at your acumen and wit was mingled with some pain at the thought that you were in error; and I feel so sensitive of your honor and reputation, that I could wish you never to pen an article that posterity will condemn. For myself, I have little doubt but you will live to confess the truth of what you now ridicule as absurd and unfounded. You profess to hear facts from the "scientific;" but you must pardon me for saying I doubt whether facts affirmed by any one or many would convince you at present. It occurred to me, as I read your piece, that there are two states of mind unfavorable to the investigation of truth—blind credulity and stubborn skepticism. You will agree with me that, on this subject, you incline to the latter.

An argument you use in the case of the maid, who you think was "often *plus* when the Mesmerizer was *minus*," is a sweeper, and could easily be applied to the "scientific" as well as others, unless science were always a proof of veracity. "Which is most likely," the person saw these strange things, or "told a falsehood?" Little as I have seen, I could affirm facts which you could dispose of in no other way than by a denial of ve-

racity, or the assumption of a *guessing power* equally wonderful as Mesmerism itself.

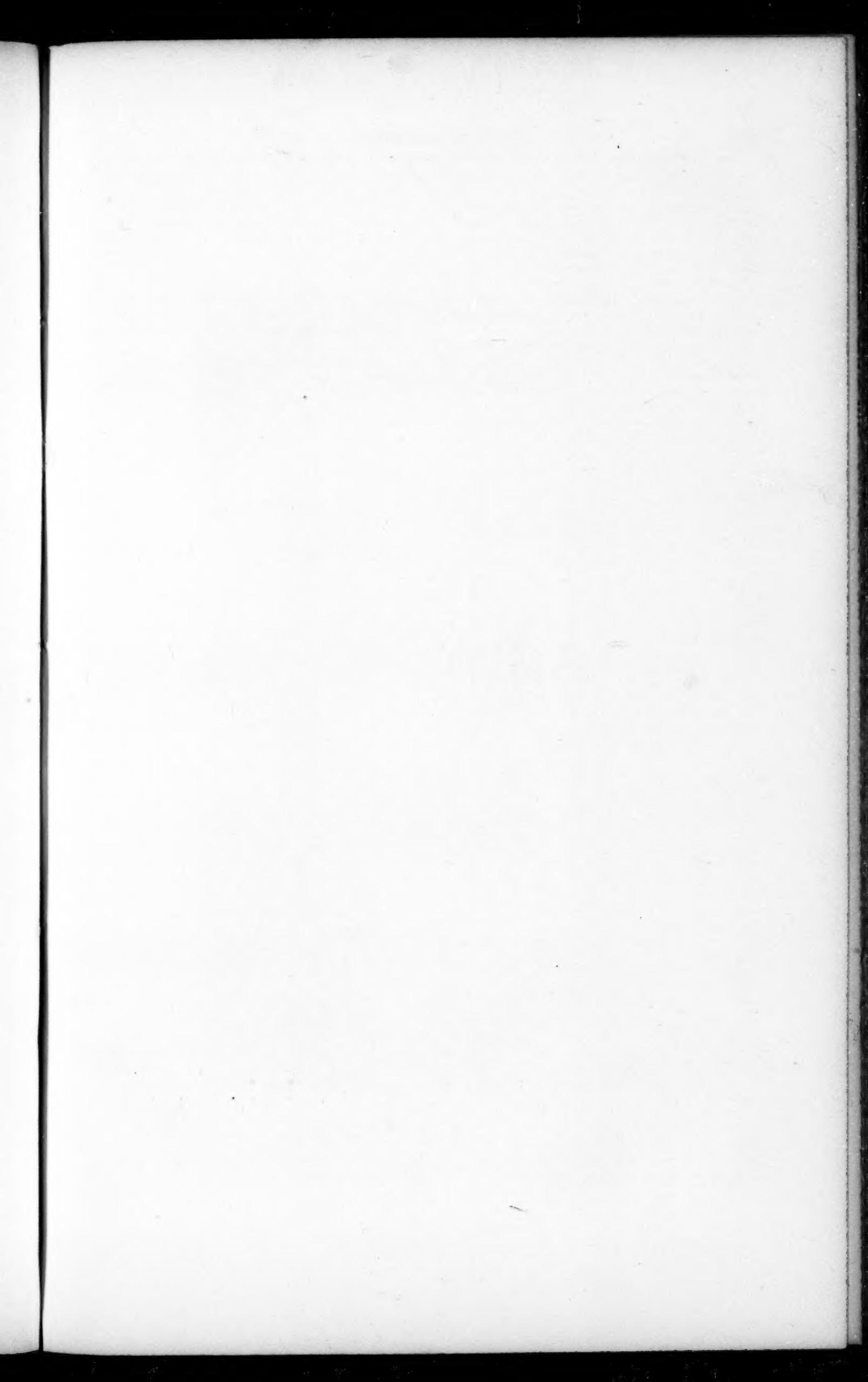
In communication with a man in Mansfield, he affirmed that, at my father's, in a certain room, alone, a young woman was crying over a picture. Three weeks after, I found that, at the same hour and day, and in the designated room, N. was weeping over a map, while looking for the residence of her husband, who had deserted her a year before, and from whom she had the day previous received a letter. Now, it is possible, I admit, that the young woman might state a falsehood to fulfill the guess of a man she never heard of, and to deceive me; but is it likely? And could the man know, when he made so strange a guess, that any one would help him out thus? I have several cases equally singular. But a truce to this matter. I shall take no offense if you bring out against the queer "critter" all the battering rams in your queer cranium. Moreover, I found an apology in the fact that your city was infested with a set of worthless experimenters for gain, befooling thousands out of their time and money, "deceiving and being deceived;" and it was difficult to arrest the evil and admit the truth. Indeed, if you had faith in it, it would do harm to your reputation to let it be known; while to ridicule may detract from your future influence; so it is much like a porcupine—a dangerous *critter* to handle.

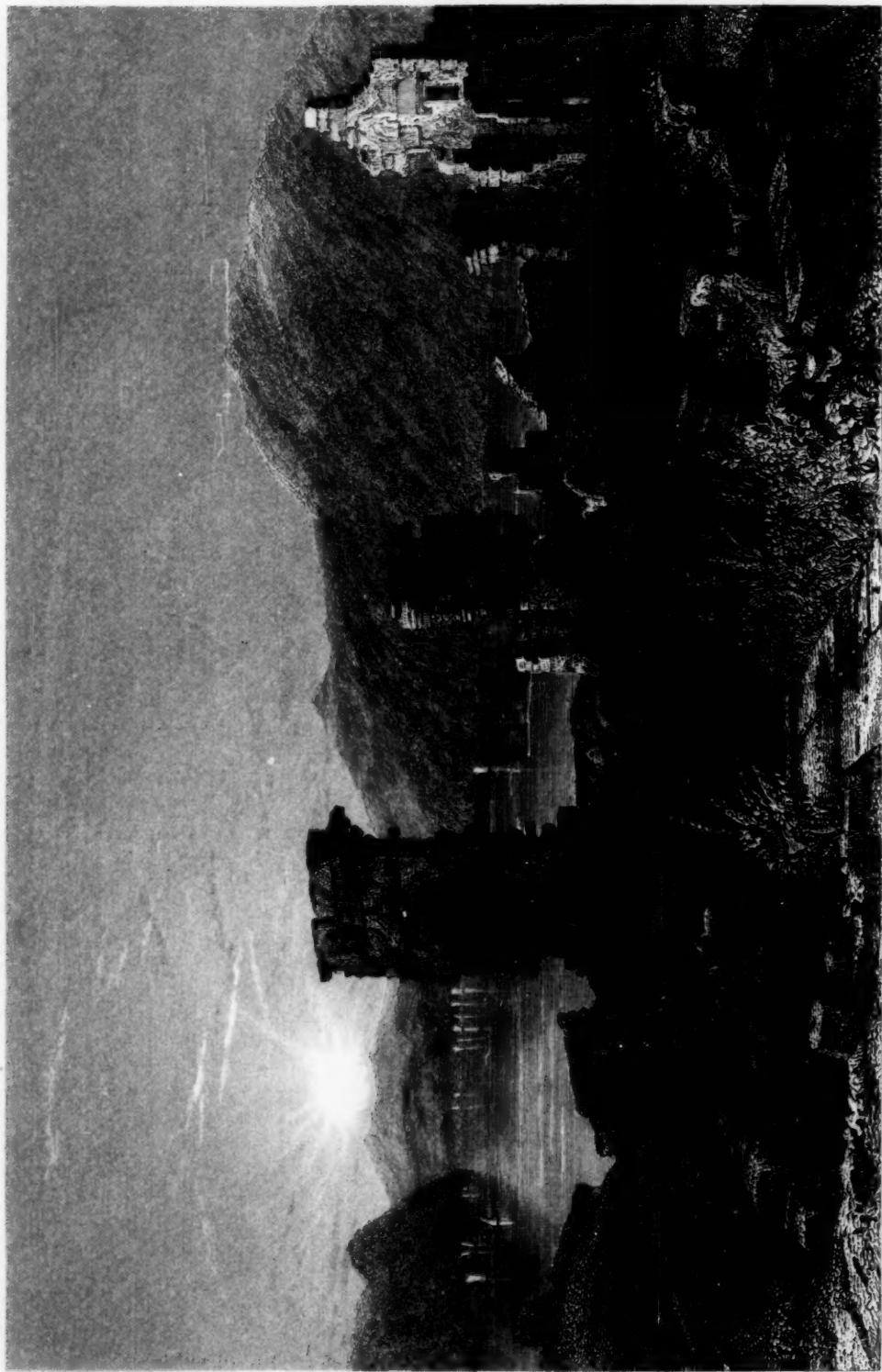
Now for the editorials. I was delighted with your piece on the beloved Bigelow. One inaccuracy, which many will probably notice—he never wept. He often remarked in the pulpit, "I was never a man of tears." But the perspiration, which flowed so copiously down his face, might be easily mistaken for tears. In all other respects I can endorse your description of that great man. And when you place him upon the lofty pyramid of his argument, with "heaven's own light around him," your imagery is worthy of the subject. *Write on.*

Your Editorial Table I read with interest; but must close this matter by merely saying, that as the great drouth this season has been generally fatal to bees, it is no small satisfaction that one of our editors is supplied with "*Honey.*"

G.

In publishing the above extract from a private letter, we take a liberty and ask forgiveness. The concern expressed for the editor's reputation is explained by assuring our readers that the writer is our David—we his Jonathan. Brother G.'s faith is *stronger* than ours; for he thinks we shall live to confess "the truth of what we now ridicule as absurd and unfounded," by which he means the Mesmerism of Miss M., &c. If we had space we could *weaken* this faith. He may be assured that we will receive, with thanksgiving, facts well authenticated, from any quarter; though we would prefer to get them through scientific observers, like himself. In regard to our state of mind, we disagree with our friend, thinking we are right *exactly*, equidistant from blind credulity and stubborn skepticism, disinclined to either extreme. We feel a comfortable consciousness of *moral* fitness to examine all such cases. Our correspondent is welcome to apply our "sweeper" to the scientific as well as others. In examining any testimony to *outre* things, we are wont to balance probabilities. But "the *fact*"—we make our humble bow to it. It was a coincidence *somewhat* curious—not very. In a hundred throws, it would be strange if a few dice did not turn up fortunately, especially if the sharper had been sticking hog's bristles in them, or loading them with *quicksilver*.





J. N. Gambrill

N. H. Hartlett.

RUINS OF FORT TICONDEROGA.